THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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M'CARTHY ON PARNELL.

A Highly Interesting Sketch of the Dead Patriot by the Leader of the Irish Secessionists.

Mr. Parnell was a Kindly, Genial Man Instead of Being the Frigid Character Painted by His Enemies.

The following reminiscences of Mr. Parnell, by "One of his Colleagues," are attributed to the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy:

I knew Mr. Parnell well for many years. I made his acquaintance for the first time shortly after he entered the house of commons in 1875, as successor to the late John Martin in the representation of the county Meath. I was much impressed from the beginning with his force of character and strength of will. I soon had not the slightest doubt in my mind that he was destined to take a commanding part in politics. I came to see a great deal of him about that time—and a great deal more still as time went on. The last time I saw him was in my own house, some three weeks ago. We had some business matters to talk over, and we talked over them until 3 in the morning. We talked of many things else—but nothing at all of controversial politics. Mr. Parnell smoked a cigar or two of his own. He declined an offer of some of mine. "You are a hardened sinner," he said, with a smile, "in the matter of strong cigars." He enjoyed only those of a milder flavor, and enjoyed even those but mildly. He was looking wasted, I thought, and his eyes shone with a somewhat ominous light—a glitter in them that seemed to me to tell of over-strained nerves and of ill-health. But he would not admit that there was anything wrong with him of a serious kind, and he certainly seemed to be in good spirits. We parted at 3:15, and he told me he had to catch the train for Holyhead at 7:15 that same morning. He was going to Ireland. "I shan't have much sleep tonight," he said. I asked him if he was not overworking himself, and he answered with a smile that he thought on the whole it did him good. He reminded me of some hard traveling we had together, he and I, in old days. Then we parted, and I never saw him since.

That hard traveling—yes. I remember once traveling with him on a long journey to an Irish midland town. We were to start on a Saturday morning by the early train for Holyhead. He had come over from Paris by the train that reached London somewhere about 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening. I am speaking now of the train service of several years ago. He joined me in the Westminster Palace Hotel, and we thought that as we had to go off so early the wisest thing would be to sit up all night. He had been traveling since that early morning. So we sat up all night and talked. I may say for myself that I took good care to have food enough to keep me up to the mark, but Mr. Parnell was utterly careless about food or drink. We started in the early morning for Holyhead. We arrived at our place of destination in the Irishtown near midnight. There was a great crowd assembled and speeches had to be made. I had dined well on board the Holyhead steamer. Mr. Parnell had barely tasted his dinner. We got to our hotel and we had much talk there with the local men. At last we got free. "Now," I exclaimed, "the time has come to have something to eat and drink." "Yes, I think," Mr. Parnell said, "I should like a cigarette," and a cigarette he had and nothing more.

In that way he seemed to me always to neglect himself. If he were absorbed in any subject he could think about nothing else, and the trivial details of breakfasting and dining escaped his observation or failed to interest him. He started in life with a splendid physical framework, so far as bodily strength is concerned, but he was one of the class of men who are physically strong and constitutionally weak. We have all known how some slight and apparently weakly men will go through all the troubles of a campaign, while men who look like Hercules or frowning Mars break down in the early privations. Mr. Parnell was physically strong and constitutionally weak. He was a bold and splendid rider in days when he had time to think about riding, and he was much given to all manner of manly sports. In his later years he gave up all custom of exercise, except for a daily ride. He was not fond of reading, unless where books about applied science were concerned. He often told me that his great ambition in life was to be absolutely out of politics, and to devote himself altogether to the development of the industrial resources of his own property and the Irish counties generally. He knew little or nothing of literature. The most popular books of our day were unread by him—all but unknown to him. He had a certain interest in painting and pictures, chiefly or altogether, I fancy, because one of his sisters had a strong taste for art. He told me once that he had advised her earnestly to draw all she could from real objects and not from imitations of any kind, whether in picture or in cast. "Better make a drawing," he said, "of the teapot on your breakfast table than keep on copying after a copy." The advice was characteristic of the man—and I am not by any means certain that it had not a truth within it which came of artistic inspiration.

Mr. Parnell was an extremely nervous man. He was also a very shy and reserved man. People fancied him proud and cold because he could not always thaw himself down to the atmosphere of the commonplace greeting and small talk that belongs to uninteresting social intercourse. In the house of commons he passed for being a man of iron nerve—but I have often seen how his hands trembled behind his back, where he held, or tried to hold, them clasped, while he was addressing himself to some momentous subject. He had that power over himself that enabled him to force himself up to any fence he had determined to jump, but the effort was exhausting, and each such effort must have taken out of his nerve-power more than it well could spare. He told me once that he had given up putting questions in the house of commons at question time—and for what reason? Because life could not stand the strain of having to wait until his time came to be called. Observe how slight an ordeal it is. You simply sit in your place until the questioners before you have made their demands and received their answers. Then comes your turn—"Number seventeen," let us say—"Mr. Parnell." The Speaker calls the name and Mr. Parnell rises and merely says—"I beg leave, Mr. Speaker, to ask the right honorable gentleman, the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, question number seventeen." That is the whole performance. How on earth, it may be asked, could that make anyone nervous? Well, it made Mr. Parnell nervous to have to wait for his turn and to be called. He told me that he did not much mind speaking if he had to do it on the spur of the moment, but to have to prepare for it and to wait for it was a task that told too heavily on his nerves. I quite understood him. I think in the temperament that description gives we have the clue to much that seems mysterious in the character of Mr. Parnell. He could dare anything, he might do anything, but he had to brace himself, to screw himself, to drive himself up to the venture. He felt no personal joy in the strife. He disliked it, he detested it: it was a perpetual struggle and strain to endure it and keep up with it. To add to his difficulties, he was firmly convinced that he was a very bad speaker. I never thought so. He had none of the gift of ornamental oratory, but that really very exalted kind of eloquence which consists in saying all that one has need to say in the fewest words and with the utmost directness—that gift I think he possessed it. If you can send your arrow straight to the mark, what does it matter whether the feathers that balance it are plain or colored?

I tried to encourage him once on this subject. He only shook his head. "The fact that I hate public speaking so much," he said, "shows that I have no capacity for it. Every man enjoys doing what he knows he does well." I told him, as an illustration to the contrary, the case of Mr. Bright, then still living, who, as we all know—all of us at least who knew anything of him—hated the work of public speaking, although, of course, well conscious that he had a marvelous gift of eloquence—well conscious of it, because otherwise he should never have had any motive to speak in public at all. Bright used his eloquence as a scientific man would use an instrument, or a gunner his gun. Parnell often said that if he could speak as John Bright spoke he would speak every night of his life. It would not, however, have made any difference. To a man of his temperament public display would always have been a trial to the nerves—an odious violence put upon personal inclinations. I believe Mr. Parnell's absolute sincerity—I am now speaking of course of his better and brighter days—was never more clearly shown than by the pertinacity with which he clung to public life and to the house of commons despite all his personal longing to be free of the necessity of making speeches.

Society in London he always shrank from. One reason for his keeping so rigidly aloof from it was that he thought English people generally disliked him—and he said to me more than once in a semi pathetic way—"I don't like to be disliked." But among his intimate acquaintances and friends he was a sweet and genial man. There was a singular fascination in his manner, in his voice, and in his smile. At one time, when he was in better health than he had lately been, he was very fond of giving little dinners to his friends, mainly of the Irish party. I have never met a more genial and delightful host. An abstemious man himself—and not merely abstemious, but absolutely indifferent to the supposed delights of eating and drinking—it gave him the utmost pleasure to arrange a capital dinner and the best of wines for his guests. I have some bright memories of evenings thus spent—I do not know whether I ought to call them bright memories now.

I have often heard and read that Mr. Parnell was cold, haughty, imperious to most of the members of his own party. I have seen this in various newspapers—certainly I never saw it anywhere else. I should rather have been disposed to say that the youngest and the obscurest member of his party could address him and would address him at any moment in terms of the most frank and cordial familiarity. To do Parnell justice let us own—"since," as Byron cynically says, "it can do no good on earth"—that he was absolutely free from affectation of any kind. I am not criticizing his career. I am only saying what I know of him. I have touched only small and personal matters, it may be said, but I think even these small and personal matters may help to enlighten outsiders as to the nature of a great man. Mr. Parnell had of late made tremendous mistakes, but, as Dr. Johnson tenderly and rightfully said of Goldsmith, he will do so no more.—*London Daily News.*

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OVER THE SEA.

Mr. Maurice M O'Connor Continues His Lively Sketching of Ireland and Europe in General.

Belfast, Glasgow, Paris, and Other Noted Cities Graphically Described.

[*To the Editor.*]

LIMERICK Ireland, Oct. 10.—When I last wrote you it was from a little inn in Cavan. I had crossed the Boyne, and was making my way by slow stages to the capital of the north. Belfast, which competes with Cork for the proud distinction of being known as the "Athens of Ireland," is a kind of Chicago in miniature. I was agreeably surprised to find that there was at least one city in this decaying country where one could hear the rush and roar of commerce, and see ample evidences of progress and prosperity. Belfast is now almost Dublin's equal in population, and it is anticipated that in a short time it will outstrip the metropolis. There is very little poetry about this would be Athens, for the people here are a hard, practical, prosy lot who prefer to accumulate the solid golden guineas to the building of any amount of Spanish castles. It is a pity, however, that such a city should be the centre of religious bigotry and intolerance. The Orangemen of Shankill and Sandy Row have in this respect given a bad reputation to Belfast. Here people are known in social and other secular departments of life by the religious denomination to which he belongs; and cases have been brought under my notice in which Protestants and Presbyterians would no more patronize a Catholic store than Catholics would patronize a Protestant or Presbyterian.

IN GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND LONDON.

I crossed from Belfast by the northern channel to Glasgow, a thriving hive of industry, and yet possessing all the marks of modern taste and elegance. It has a population of 725,000, and has made very rapid progress within recent years. Edinburgh, which I also visited, is quite a handsome city—nature having done as much for it as art. Here I went out to see a marvelous piece of workmanship in a bridge over the Frith of Forth under the arches of which the largest ship in the world could sail. It is in appearance something similar to the famous bridge of Brooklyn. From Edinburgh I proceeded to London where I visited the house of "lords," the house of commons, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Art Institute, and St. Paul's Cathedral. The House of Commons, owing to its stained glass windows, strikes you at first sight as a small medieval cathedral. It has besides the chamber proper (which has only seating capacity for 425 members out of a house of 670) nine chambers or rooms, as well as what is called a "lobby" where the members are constantly hobnobbing either with their constituents or with journalists in quest of "copy." In the house itself the members sit in rows like a squad of school-boys—the government lads being on one side of the speaker's chair and the opposition urchins on the other. I had no opportunity of having a straight-out American laugh at the speaker's mace, as that article of drivelling antiquity was not to the fore on the occasion.

AN IRISH PILGRIM IN PARIS.

Having exchanged the fogs of London for the sunny skies of France, I pitched my tent for a week or so in the French capital. Paris is, I verily believe, the grandest city on the top of God's earth. Any words of mine must necessarily fail to depict its unrivalled grandeur; the healthy and muscular life and elegance of its boulevards; the tasteful arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, the stately massiveness of such historic churches and temples as those of Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and the Pantheon; the picturesque sights in the Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, and the pastoral beauty of the Bois de Boulogne. The social atmosphere here is a bracing and exhilarating one, utterly and fortunately devoid as it is of puritanical cant and conventional hypocrisy. It is a city where every idea obtains a hearing, where mutual toleration is the universal watchword, and where unlike the Pharisees men have not only the courage of their convictions but of their acts. Sunday in Paris is quite an antithesis to the Sunday of Boston, London, or Philadelphia. It is a day devoted to healthy, innocent amusement. There are matinees and evening performances at theatres. Crowds of happy citizens with their families promenade along the boulevards, or through the avenues of the Bois; hosts of people sit and drink their wine or absinthe around marble tables on the broad sidewalks in front of the various cafés; and all goes merrily as a marriage bell. And yet I did not detect one single case of drunkenness from one end of the city to the other. The sobriety of the French people is due to the common sense which dictates to them the exact time when to stop in their libations. They use the gift of the grape for their enjoyment; but they are never fools enough to abuse it. Hence there is no such oddity as a Prohibitionist throughout the length and breadth of France, if I except a stray imported New Englander or a crazy Anglo-Saxon missionary in search of notoriety. The Irish colony here numbers some thousands. They comprise merchants, journalists, professors, clerks in counting houses, and governesses. The rendezvous of the higher strata is the Irish-American bar in the Rue Royale, while that of the humbler is the Shamrock bar in the Rue Duras. The former is bossed by a sturdy Connacht man, named Patrick Brady Reynolds, while the latter is in the hands of Madame Cullen a French lady, the widow of the once famous James Cullen of Wicklow, who used to be known far and wide as the "Irish Ambassador of Paris." Paris is, in fine, such a cosmopolitan city that it well deserves to be called the metropolis of the world.

AT THE GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

Steaming back from Paris to Dublin *via* London, I decided on fulfilling a vow of my early youth—to pay a pilgrimage to the grave of Wolfe Tone. I proceeded at once to the county Kildare, where, in the holiest of its shrines in a lonely, wind-swept, moss grown patch of ground, the remains of the great patriot lie interred in the little churchyard of Bodenstown. While gazing on the deserted and delapidated tomb I felt the truth of the lines written by Thomas Davis now almost half a century ago—

"In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly around it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there
When the tempest sweeps down on the plains of Kildare."

Is it not a sad and humiliating commentary on the patriotism of the Irish race to be compelled to admit that they have allowed the tomb of Wolfe Tone to go to wreck and ruin? Here evidently the proverbial gratitude of the Irish to their national benefactors is, I must say, conspicuous by its absence. I was speaking on the matter to a few Kildare men in the churchyard, who informed me that a movement was about being set on foot to erect a new tomb over the patriot's dust; and I trust and hope that the project will meet with that success which it so eminently merits; for few men who championed Ireland's cause deserve as proud a memorial, more enduring than bronze, as the dead hero who infused a new soul into Erin as the founder and guiding spirit of the brave United Irishmen. From Bodenstown I directed my steps to the beautiful vale of Avoca immortalized by the pen of Tom Moore; and I must say that if the bard was worthy of his theme, so too was the scene of his song worthy of the bard. I also visited the sites of the old rebel camps of Wexford, and climbed the hill of Tara. I also explored New Ross, and Oulart and Vinegar Hill—spots so intimately associated with the campaign of '98. I inspected Father Murphy's fortification on Vinegar Hill which, by the bye, is situated some 600 feet above the level of the surrounding plains, a splendid view of which is to be had from the summit. I may add that I am bringing back to the states a trophy from the Vale of Avoca in the shape of a little evergreen plucked from the sod within a few feet of Tom Moore's tree, under whose foliage he wrote his famous "Meeting of the Waters."

IN THE CITY OF THE VIOLATED TREATY.

Limerick, as the old song has it, is, or rather was—what everybody knows—a beautiful city. It is at present but a ghastly shadow of its former self. It has been on the decline for the past few decades, and I am sorry to have to state that the hope of its ever attaining its lost prosperity is very remote indeed. I visited the old ruined fortifications where 200 years ago the men—aye, and the brave, undaunted, comely maids and matrons of Limerick—defended their city against the Saxon spoliator; and from thence I proceeded to the site of the Treaty Stone that living monument of English treachery. The stone stands on a pedestal some eight feet high, situated on the Clare side of the Shannon. Up to a few years ago it lay on the ground; but owing to the havoc caused it by chip hunting tourists it had to be removed to a higher sphere away from the touch of Vandal hands. The stone, which is of lime, is a large boulder about three feet in height, and seven in circumference. The homes of the Shannon fishermen, who made such a bold stand for their rights recently, are situated near the Treaty Stone on the North Strand. Limerick, though now in its decay, is still a firm stronghold of nationality. Among its abler exponents of the true creed of Ireland for the Irish are Mr. John McEnery, the efficient and zealous editor of the Limerick *Leader*, who has paid the penalty of several terms of imprisonment for the cause he defended; Mr. M. J. Keatinge his talented and trusted colleague, and Mr. Henry O'Shea, the well known artist, and brother of J. J. O'Shea of *United Ireland*. Limerick has also its representatives in British dungeons in the persons of the devoted James F. Egan, and John Daly, the honest and daring Irish Nationalist veteran for whose political conduct I at least would scorn to offer any apology, as it was that worthy of a Roman,

"Fighting against fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods!"

Irish poetry in its historical and national character is well and ably represented by Michael Hogan, "the Bard of Thomond," equally famed as a writer of legendary verse and a scathing satirist, whose pen is fond of alternately dipping itself in the milk of human kindness as well as in blood curdling gall. In addition to Mr. Hogan, Limerick boasts of Mr. Aubrey de Vere of Curragh Chase (situated some twelve miles west of the city) who has attained a high place in the ranks of contemporary poets. Among the dead celebrities of the City of the Violated Treaty I may mention Catherine Hayes, the well known prima donna; Gerald Griffin, poet and novelist; Andrew Cherry, dramatist, and John F. O'Donnell ("Caviare"), Irish bard and Irish rebel.

Now as my tour of Ireland is closed, I have only to add that though the political outlook is gloomy indeed it is not quite hopeless. The death of Parnell, while being a severe blow to the National movement in one sense, will be a decided gain to it in another, inasmuch as it is already causing a healthy reaction against the notorious Tim Healy and his gang of Bantry place hunters. This reaction may develop itself later on into a new organization acting on the lines and on the principles of the Irish Republican Brotherhood of 1865

MAURICE M. O'CONNOR

IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

Some Account of the First Journals That Made Their Appearance in Dublin.

The News Requirements of Our Forefathers Very Easily Supplied.

Apropos of the visit of the English journalists to Dublin, a member of the staff of the *Daily Express* contributed the following interesting article to the columns of that paper:

"Here, as in London, the newspaper published on fixed days at recurring intervals had for its predecessor the occasional pamphlet. But while the pamphlet, however tentatively, timidly, and indirectly, sought to attract attention to public affairs, and to influence opinion concerning them, the newspaper, at least in its early stage, was only a bare record of events. Down to our own times there was one Dublin paper which almost to the last refused to assume the role of directing public opinion through the medium of articles. This was the *Saunders' News Letter*. The *Saunders* was a Tory organ, and indicated its views only by the adoption and publication of articles culled from the leading Tory newspapers of London, but published no editorial of its own. A few years before its collapse it fell into the hands of Liberal proprietors, after which it lost the characteristic referred to, which was, in fact, only a survival of one which was common to all Irish newspapers in the last century.

"The first genuine Irish newspaper was the Dublin *Newsletter*, published by John Thornton in 1685. Through what vicissitudes this newspaper passed, how many times it was issued, and with what reception on the part of the public, no one is able to tell us. John Thornton, we will presume, was a brave man. It required courage in those days to print anything with a contemporaneous flavor, or to touch however lightly the magnates of the day. The offence known as the scandalum magnatum was the subject of ferociously Draconic statutes. The act of Richard II, prescribing penalties for the circulation of untruths about great people, and that of Philip and Mary, which prescribed the cutting off of the right hand for the same offence committed in writing or print, were terrible lions in the path of the 'able editor.' In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a poor printer of London, who dared to publish in a perfectly respectful and loyal manner a protest against the queen's contemplated French marriage, actually had his right hand chopped off. John Thornton was, therefore, doubtless regarded by his Dublin contemporaries as a brave and even foolhardy man, when from 'Skinner's Row' he gave the world his first number of the *News Letter*. *Robur et as triplex circa pectus erat.* The history of this new departure and astonishing venture made by John Thornton is, as I have mentioned, not known. Only one copy of the paper survives, and it bears the date of 1685, nor does it appear whether the copy in question belongs to the first or to a later issue. The probability is that the *News Letter* had either no success or that pressure emanating from high quarters was at once brought to bear upon Thornton, and led to the extinguishing of his small and feeble journalistic torch. But five years later another adventurous wight named 'Crooke,' a name which still survives in the county Cork, made a second attempt of the same kind. Crooke's paper was called the Dublin *Intelligence*. Curiously enough, there is also but one known copy of Crooke's paper still in existence. It bears the date 1690. No one can tell to what extent the *Intelligence* furnished light and leading to contemporary Dublin, for the history of this second venture, too, is lost in the mists of antiquity. The name, however, 'caught on.' During the succeeding eighteenth century a variety of journalistic ventures came out in Dublin bearing the same name which Crooke in the seventeenth gave to his. This would lead one to suppose that Crooke's paper did really make some noise in the world, secured a lodgment in the memory of men, and was on the whole more successful than Thornton's *News Letter*. The thoughts of men were doubtless widening, and that thirst for information which it now needs scores of papers and hundreds of ready writers to slake was beginning to be felt by our apparently rather 'un idea'd' and uninquiring ancestors. About this time, too, we hear for the first time of professional government work in the printing line, but men who went into that business at their own private cost and responsibility. Not only were there a good many printers in Dublin, but, as we learn from a contemporary English writer, they were esteemed in London as very excellent printers indeed. Not being myself a bibliomaniac, I cannot certify to the truth of this statement—viz, that the books printed in Dublin between the years 1690 and 1700 are examples of first rate workmanship. At all events, there seems to have been a good deal of bibliopolic activity displayed during that period, and the class of readers must have increased. It is, therefore, probable that Crooke's Dublin *Intelligence* may have had far more success than we might infer from the fact that nothing is positively known concerning it, and also that there is but one copy of his paper now extant.

"We have now seen two journalistic ventures, neither of which could have lasted for more than a few months. With the third, however, the future of journalism was felt to be more secure. This third venture ran for a full period of ten years, and proved to all men that the publishing of newspapers was a remunerative occupation. All these primitive Irish printers lived in a street in the neighborhood of Cork hill, which was known as Skinner's row. Among those printers was a certain Mr. Richard Pue, who kept a coffee house, as well as a book shop and printing establishment, and who seems to have been an intelligent, spirited, and popular personage. His coffee house, known as Dick's coffee house, was the chief haunt of persons who loved books and literary and political conversation, and was, in fact, one of the most fashionable clubs of the day. Dick was, of course, Mr. Richard Pue. His printing establishment was in the rear of the salon where he served out coffee to his guests. Here in the year 1699, Richard Pue printed and published a little single sheet newspaper, 11½ inches long by 6½ inches broad which he called by the cheerful name of the *Flying Post*, and for full ten years in succession published the same. With the *Flying Post* Irish journalism, after two false starts, finally got away. First, then, rightly began its astonishing career, which is now seen to be leading it to—Heaven alone knows where. Dick's *Flying Post* was the tiny stream which we now see expanded into a mighty river, rolling forward to ulterior developments and destinations, as to which not even the wisest among us can hazard a guess. 'Fed by many a rivulet, the stately Shannon flows.' But we know the destination of the Shannon. The broad estuary by which it pours into the Atlantic is strictly bounded by irremovable rocks and firm shores. But who can tell the future course of Irish journalism, which began in fear and secrecy—timidly venturesome, a mere experiment—and today moulds public opinion, lectures powerful ministers, and directs the destinies of nations?

"To bring this paper to a close, let me add that Richard Pue, encouraged by this first attempt, in the year 1703 began to publish a second journal, which is called *Pue's Occurrences*, and which ran gloriously throughout the greater part of the century, viz, 1703 to 1792."

The Irish-American League.

The Irish-American Republican League of Illinois has been formally organized by the action of a convention recently held at Springfield. The Hon. Edmund O'Connell, of Bloomington, was elected president, and the other officers were distributed in different parts of the state. Speeches were made by Mr. O'Connell, Matthew P. Brady, of Chicago; Senator Dan Hogan, Hon. M. C. Quinn, of Peoria; Gov. Joe Fifer, and other prominent Irish-Americans. The governor, who is very sensitive on the matter of misrepresentation, found fault with the late Vice President Hendricks for having said once upon a time, "Wherever you find an Irishman you find a Democrat." Mr. Fifer took care to explain that he was not a Democrat—at least he was not elected on that ticket—and that his fellow countrymen who surrounded him bore ample testimony to the fact that the late eloquent Mr. Hendricks was rather off the track when he implied that all Irishmen were Democrats. The proceedings passed off pleasantly, and, at the close, a large delegation of Illinois editors called in sociably and shook hands all around.

St. Cecelia's Bazaar.

A bazaar will be held next week, commencing Tuesday, November 3, in aid of the building fund for St. Cecelia's new church, Forty fifth and Atlantic streets. It is hoped that the faithful of the parish will respond liberally so as to enable the zealous pastor, Rev. E. A. Kelly, to have the church dedicated, as he has all along intended, on the feast of its patron.

Messrs. Leahy & Ryan.

One of the most satisfactory undertaking and livery establishments in the city is that of Messrs. Leahy & Ryan, No, 2560 South Halsted street. The firm keeps only the newest and most stylish of carriages and buggies. Their horses are all first class animals, handsomely caparisoned, and fit to appear on any driveway in the world.

Vapor Poison and Its Antidote.

The morning and evening mists that pervade the atmosphere of malarious localities cannot be breathed with impunity. A safeguard is needed to render harmless the dangerous miasmata with which they are impregnated. The surest safest, defense is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an antidote to the poison which has already been inhaled and borne fruit, an adequate preventive of its harmful effects. No preparative for breathers of miasma tainted air or drinkers of malaria poisoned water like the Bitters. It completely neutralizes the otherwise irresistible onset of the social foe. Settlers on newly cleared land, excavators of canal routes (notably that on the Isthmus of Panama), western pioneers and emigrants—in short, all subjected to malarial influences in air or water find in it a benign remedy, an effectual safeguard. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, "la grippe," rheumatism and kidney complaints are remedied by the Bitters.

Base Ball.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whittings	25	16	9	.640
Rivals	25	14	11	.560
Garden Citys	25	13	12	.520
West Ends	25	12	13	.480
Franklins	25	11	14	.440
Brands	25	9	16	.360

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whittings 14 Brands 5 Whittings 9 Rivals 13 Rivals 13, Franklins 6. West Ends 5, Garden Citys 1

Beauty is said to be only skin deep; but to possess and preserve a beautiful skin, pure, vigorous blood is essential. This is best secured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla in small but frequent doses. It is the most reliable of blood purifiers.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

THE ABDUCTION OF MAEVE.

"Well, well, Capt. Crofton, you're a purty quick hand at match making—about the quickest I ever met. Faith, I think I'll take you at your word, an' make a thrial of my chances. Worse than fail I cannot, as the saying is. The colleen is worth looking after, and so is her property; an' I'll make a beginning by taking care of this bit of it."

With ready averice he bent over Maeve and detached from her neck a small brooch—an emerald set in gold, the gift of Barrett—and slipped it into his pocket.

"Of course, Captain, I may take her consint as granted," he continued, with his usual repulsive grin; "but how about the marryin' part of the business?"

"Fool! that would be about the easiest part of it; the really difficult matter will be to smuggle her away from Killala. The croppy patrols are not very vigilant, I suppose?"

"Hardly. You could nearly steal away the round tower itself under their very noses."

"That will make the business easier. Still it is one of great danger; if caught we know what our fate shall be. Listen, Moran. I propose we take her tonight to Scurmore, there to duly celebrate the nuptials."

The burlier spy raised his hands in astonishment.

"A row by night from here to Scurmore! Thunder, captain, you must know little about the passage across—about the wicked water at the Moy bar—why, 'tis the very jaws of hell."

"Coward! I know every yard of it, and could row across almost blindfolded. D—n you, pluck up your metal, if you have any, and learn how to woo and win a fair lady, or else I'll throw up the thing in disgust. Don't think, Moran, 'tis friendship for you that urges me to help you in this transaction; 'tis a far stronger motive. You strive for a wife and a fortune, I for revenge. Ha, she revives; hand me the phial."

* * * * *

Shortly after midnight, the tide being full in, a fisherman coming from the quay noticed two men carrying what appeared to be a human figure towards a boat which lay rocking on the waves.

"Good night, mates—hulio, what's the matter?"

"A poor boy down with the smallpox. We're taking him across to his friends in Tiereragh. Come here, avic, and give us a hand."

The inquirer waited to hear or see no more; he retired with a shudder.

The burthen was placed in the boat, which was soon propelled over the water, still redly aglow with the light of the burning sloops.

It was, as Moran had stated, a long and dangerous journey across the water to Scurmore. The estuary of the Moy was comparatively calm; the waves, with their gentlest swell, laved the shores and sand-banks, and not a zephyr was stirring in the silent autumn night; yet there were times when the boat seemed in imminent danger of being swamped, and then the two rowers, all heedless of that mute and motionless form in the stern, held their breath and prepared to swim for their lives.

But eventually the goal was reached in safety, a gloomy looking old mansion house standing beside a shallow inlet. It was easy to see, even in the darkness, that Scurmore House had suffered from visits of peasant looters. Broken panes yawned in the windows, and the place wore an impressive aspect of loneliness and desolation. Its proprietor, a squire named Nesbitt, of horse racing procilivities, had decamped on his swiftest racer, and the plunderers had taken extensive liberty with his belongings.

Yet the gruesome place was inhabited. At Crofton's knock a light appeared, and the door was opened by a villainous looking hag, who leered and chuckled as he and Moran bore in between them the insensible form of Maeve.

"Ha, ha, Capt. Crofton, acushla, still at your old games!"

"Shut up you old she devil. Say, where shall we put her?"

"This way, if you plase. I hope the crathure isn't delicate, for the devils of croppies have left hardly a pillow or a pane of glass in the whole house."

"Nice place this, Bill, to spend a honey moon, eh?" ejaculated Crofton, beaming into familiarity, as, soon after their arrival, he and his truculent colleague sat in a wainscotted room of the old mansion, two steaming glasses of punch before them, materials of which had been produced by the hag from some mysterious nook which had escaped the ken of the plunderers.

"Nice place, indeed, Captain, agra. Plenty of ventilation, anyhow; and more ventilation, begorra, we'll get if we're caught in it—a few bullet holes in our carcases, I'm thinking."

"Bah! there's a secret room here that all the croppies in Ireland wouldn't find out if they were searching a year and a day, and there your intended shall stay until such time as we can fetch a minister. What's that in your hand?"

"Only a scrap of paper that dropped out of her pocket as we were carryin' her upstairs."

It was a brief note which Maeve had written her brother, but which, on accepting Barrett's escort to Killala, with a laughing remark anent Mahomet and the mountain. It ran:

"Please come to me at once, if possible. I am worried with trouble and anxiety and am longing ever so much to see you. MAEVE"

It bore neither date nor address. Crofton grinned as he perused it. Then with sudden assumption of owlish cunning and sagacity, the inspiration of the bottle, he slapped his thigh and exclaimed:

"She intended this for Barrett, no doubt. Hoho, what say you to this, friend William—your destined bride indulging in clandestine correspondence! But hark ye here, we will make it suit an admirable purpose. I will address it, going as near her handwriting as I can, from a certain house in Sligo, you will give it into his hands, and ten to one but the fellow in his desire to recover his lost idol will blunder right into the hands of the hangman. Glorious idea! magnificent!"

Maeve had a dismal awakening. The morning breeze blowing through the broken panes recalled her to consciousness. She looked in surprise round the wrecked apartment with its torn curtains, smashed furniture, and shattered windows, and her surprise turned to loathing as her gaze rested on the uncanny features of her hostess or custodian, an unprepossessing old dame with yellow fangs protruding from beneath her shrivilled lips and a grizzley beard depending from her pesky chin. Presently the hag relieved the dismantled room of her elfish presence.

Looking from the window the imprisoned girl got speedy notion of her whereabouts. She recognized the long serrated chain of Barra's sand banks smiling in the morning sun. A sudden sense of freedom came to her as she noticed the flashing of breakers, and heard the "clanding cry" of the seabirds as they wheeled in white circles above the brine which still flimed the shallow inlet before the house. She found it hard, almost impossible, to conceive that she was a prisoner.

She was rudely brought to a sense of her position by the sound of a heavy footstep on the stairs, the sight of Crofton's countenance, haggard with watching and inflamed from drink, at the door.

"I hope you rested well during the night, Miss O'Donnell," he said with a sinister smile; "you must have been exhausted, but so were we, for we had a deal of carrying about of you, and, angel though you are, I assure you that you are no featherweight."

"Why this continued outrage, sir?" she demanded, "why am I here?"

"Simply for a matrimonial purpose. Let me congratulate you, Miss O'Donnell. Ere yonder sun goes down you shall be the happy bride of a good and loyal yeoman, Sergt Wm. Moran, of the Tyrawly Cavalry. Make what preparations you will for the sweet ceremony. Attempt to escape and—well, I need not repeat the warning I used in that confounded rat hole last night." He significantly produced a pistol which he laid on a broken table. As he did so his eye caught a distant object.

"Now if I were sure that d—d sailing boat was on a spying trip I'd——"

She noted his unsteady gait as he approached the window, turning his back upon her in the act. In an instant with a touch light as air, she had seized the weapon and concealed it in the folds of her dress.

"Pshaw! some poor wretches of fishermen hunting for their breakfast. Bless you, my dear"—he again turned towards her—"how exquisite you look! how delicious! Now for the sake of honest Billy Moran, one kiss from those lovely lips—they are like twin cherries on a white garden wall. Confound it!"

He staggered back in dismay from the presented pistol.

"Take it, sir, if you dare, but it will hardly be worth the risk!"

CHAPTER XV.

It was in deep sorrow and amazement at the strange disappearance of Maeve that Barrett parted with her perplexed and despondent brother, and took his departure from Killala. All in vain had the pair searched every nook and cranny of of the old town; all in vain had they racked their brains to discover a solitary clue to the manner of her vanishing; at every step of their search they had been puzzled, exasperated, defeated.

"Heavens, am I awake or dreaming!" bitterly exclaimed the young insurgent, a poignant sense of loss coming upon him as he rode away alone; "are we in a land of wonders? do such beings as fairies exist, and have they the penchant and power of maiden stealing ascribed to them by the peasantry? By all that is absurd, the only ways of regaining her would seem to be the midnight vigil and the black-hafted knife!"

On reaching Ballina he found the place a scene of peculiar semi-military activity and tense excitement. Bands of insurgents, armed chiefly with pikes, paraded the streets and exercised on the lawn. Crowds of people anxiously discussed vague rumors, caused by the departure of the French reserve to the front—General Humbert was being attacked and overpowered, Castlebar was evacuated by the French, the English troops were closing around in all directions and would spare neither man, woman, nor child—reports which were giving rise to a spirit of desperation and recklessness with which the local leaders occasionally found it hard to cope.

In Col. King's mansion, or Ballina House, the unfortunate yeomen who had been captured at Killala still lay in durance, in company with several reputed Orangemen and zealous loyalists from the surrounding district, especially from Mullafarry, between Ballina and Killala, where about a century previous a number of Presbyterian families, brought from the North by the Earl of Arran, had formed a settlement known as "The Moy Water," building their meeting-house at Ballysokerry, opposite the ruins of the old castle of Pierce Barrett. This, supposed to be the first Presbyterian place of worship in Connacht, was unhappily destroyed by a party of the more fierce and ungovernable of the insurgents, led on by some of the Ulster "Defenders," who had been expelled from the county Armagh, these alleging that the men who burned their homes and commanded them and their families to go "to hell or Connacht" were Presbyterians, and that Mullafarry, from which the brutal yeomanry were largely recruited, was simply a hotbed of Orangeism. Three different nights the hapless village was visited and plundered, and on one occasion about sixty of its inhabitants—Arran's colony had increased to about a thousand—were brought prisoners to Ballina, whither Charost had to go to perform the formality of trying and acquitting them on various charges of conspiracy, etc. Barrett exerted himself hard to defeat and punish the nocturnal plunderers, but with out effect.

The very name of Orangeman was one to conjure with by the alarmists among the insurgents. Various and startling were the evil devices and resources attributed to the members of the association whose chief professed object was "the extinction of popery;" principal of these was the "black candle"—a counterpart of the taper alleged to be made from the fat of a dead man's hand, or thief's "hand of glory," said to have been used by medieval burglars in their nightly enterprises.

"When the Orangemen light it in a house at night," whispered the pallid fright mongers, "nobody shall be able to move a limb, so that the Orangemen may kill all before them without a hand being raised in defense!"

The Protestant loyalists, on their part, regarded the "papist rebels" with deep-rooted doubt and dread; those of them who wore the scapular, or religious order of Mount Carmel, they especially abhorred; for the croppies who were supposed to be versed in the dark and sinister "mysteries of the Carmelites"—albeit the said "mysteries" consisted merely in repeating a certain number of "Hail Marys"—were considered members of a sombre and sworn league of rebellion and assassination!

Such were the absurd prejudices and delusions the United Irish leaders had to contend with.

Many of the Protestants exhibited decided signs of fear and trepidation. In the midst of his trouble to preserve order and confidence, Patrick Barrett had to smile at seeing a respectable shopkeeper of Ballina, one Bob Mortimer (whose house stood on the site of the present Ulster Bank building) wearing ostentatiously in public a large wooden rosary beads, evidently with the view of placating the insurgents and averting their possible wrath.

Cases of looting kept occurring in the country. On one occasion, learning that a party of unprincipled vagabonds were threatening the house of a liberal Protestant gentleman, Mr. Francis Knox, of Rappa, our colonel mounted his horse, assembled some of his most trusted men, and rode to the scene of impending outrage. Dispersing the would-be plunderers, he took charge of Mr. Knox's imperilled plate and other valuables, and conveyed the same for safety to his father's house in Ballina.

"The scum of revolution!" he exclaimed excitedly to Capt. Henry O'Keane, who was also most active in the prevention of outrage and injustice; "see how a few unscrupulous brigands would bring disgrace upon a noble cause!"

"O'Keane and Barrett had active aides in a shoemaker, named Martin Curley, a zealous insurgent, although his signboard bore the loyal device of a boot and crown, and one Johnny McDonogh, who was known by the soubriquet of "Pitcher." These pair were active promoters of spirit and discipline, and very useful in their way.

Other and gentle guides moved the armed crowds in the persons of Father Owen Crowley, an enthusiastic patriot priest, and Father Tom Munnelly, a spirited young curate. Occasionally, too, the venerable voice of the Catholic bishop of the diocese, Dr. Dominick Bellew—afterwards an ardent opponent of the Union and the Veto—was heard in the interests of peace and order.

The revolutionary eloquence of a respectable local merchant, Richard Barrett, tended much at first to arouse and inspire the people, but at length his harangues, waxing more and more inflammatory, reached such a dangerous pitch that for safety's sake it was deemed necessary to send him under arrest to Killala.

As for the French commander, Capt. True, with the satisfied air of a French *militaire* practically off duty, he calmly surveyed all that came under his ken within the bounds of his little governorship, rarely interfering save in what he thought extreme cases of disturbance or insubordination, and placidly enjoying his cheroot as he lounged about the neighborhood of his quarters.

Such were the chief features of this peculiar microcosm, this little Irish provincial town during a period of insurrection.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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GAELIC POETRY.

Treigthe.

A Nóra, a Nóra,
Mo ghean á's mo ghlóire,
Ba ghéarr bhí mo chómhnuidhe a soius do ghrádh;
A Nóra Ní Shuibhne,
Ba ghoirid do chuimne
Air eision d'ár gheall tú bheith dílis go bráth.

Acht bliadhain agus ceathramh'
O aimsir ár scartha,
'Nuair gheall tú nach d-tréigfeá do bhuachaill a choidch',
Agus phóg mé na deóra
Od' leacnaibh, a Nóra,
Mar ghul tú—"ná fág mé, a mhuirnin mo chroidhe!"

Acht thiormuigh do dheóra
Níos tapaidhe, a Nóra,
'Na caoin-druchd na maidne roimh' soilsiughadh na nóin',
Le gliocas do mheall tú
An stócach do gheall tú
Bheith agad mar chéile a jathair an domhain.

Do dhearmad, ba mhór é,
Ba fealltach thú, Nóra,
Ba bhreugach do chroidhe gidh ba mhilis do ghlór;
Cia mheasfadh neamh-bhuánas
Faoi chúmndach do chluinis,
'S go n-díolfá do ghrádh air son gráinin bhig óir?

Dá m-beidhinn-se níos saidhbhre,
'Gus eision níos daidhbhre,
Ba h-aoibhinn mo bheatha, ba bheag é mo chrádh;—
Acht, a Nóra Ní Shuibhne,
Siáu, slán le do chuimhne,
'Gus slán le mo chreideamh a m-briatharaibh mná!

PADRAIC.

How Four Indian Wars Began.

The Modoc war of 1872, in which so many valuable lives were lost, was begun by the advance of half a troop of the 1st Cavalry. This force rode up to the Indian camp, dismounted, and were standing to horse, with probably no thought of being murdered or of any serious trouble. It is reported that while the officer in command was talking to the chief a rifle was discharged by an Indian, either accidentally or as a signal, and that instantly thereafter firing on the troops took place and a number were killed and wounded. The Indians, about sixty in number, taking advantage of the confusion among the troops, retired to their stronghold in the lava beds, murdering every white man en route. In this stronghold they defied the government, massacred a commission composed of prominent men sent to them in peace, and withstood the attacks of 1,300 soldiers for months, and until both food and water gave out.

The Nez Percé war in 1877 commenced in about the same way. Two small troops of cavalry, marching down a deep and long canon, presented themselves before the camp of Chief Joseph, as if a display of this nature was all that was necessary to capture a force of 250 warriors. The Indian, always quick to see an advantage and to profit by it, was not slow in this instance, and the first few shots from the enemy on the left and rear of the line caused a hasty retreat of the soldiers, who no doubt up to that time thought there was to be nothing serious.

The Little Big Horn fight in 1876, where Gen. Custer and most of his command were massacred, was surely the result of overestimating one's strength and underrating that of the enemy.

Other examples could be furnished, but are not these, with their attendant losses and failures, sufficient to prove that with the Indian as a foe we must always be prepared, and especially careful when he seems most friendly and still holds on to his rifle? On the other hand, many instances are known where troops have met and overcome at the start more serious obstacles than those mentioned above, and without a shot being fired. A column on the march, prepared to fight if necessary, is not likely to be disturbed, and it is almost certain that no Indians will be seen or heard from unless they have all the advantages, and unless certainty of success follows their first efforts.

This Ute campaign was a repetition of all the other sad occurrences in Indian warfare. Maj. Thornburgh, the commander, as noble and brave a man as ever marched with troops, fell as others had, having ignored an enemy in the morning who had the power to defeat him before noon. The march through these mountains and into the valley of Milk River, as described, was made as any march would be conducted on a turnpike through a civilized country and among friends. No danger had threatened; on the contrary, the Indians appeared friendly, and assuring messages had been received from the agent.—*Col. E. V. Sumner in the October Century.*

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

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A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

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INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 269 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

CYCLONE VISITS OHIO.

Great Damage Caused at the Town of Conneaut.

ABOUT THIRTY HOUSES DESTROYED

The Storm Skips Over Lake Erie and Causes the Loss of Several Vessels—A Terrific Boiler Explosion at Louisville Results in a Costly Conflagration and the Loss of One Life—Blazes in Other Localities.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 27.—A special from Conneaut says that a terrible cyclone struck that town shortly after 6 o'clock Monday evening, destroying about thirty houses and causing a loss of $100,000. The terrific wind storm was accompanied by very little rain. Record's butter tub factory, worth $50,000, was completely wrecked. The Lake Shore depot was also demolished and wreckage strewn upon the tracks for half a mile, rendering them impassable for several hours.

Lake Vessels Wrecked.

Both the Nickel Plate and Lake Shore telegraph wires are tangled up on the ground. Many fine residences were unroofed and otherwise damaged. It is thought that no lives were lost. The storm was very severe all through northern Ohio, and much damage to shipping is reported. In Cleveland the velocity of the wind was from thirty to forty miles an hour all night, and Lake Erie was literally "turned inside out." Several vessels are reported to have been wrecked, but no definite news has as yet been received concerning them.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Costly Blaze in Louisville Caused by a Boiler Explosion.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 27.—A boiler in the Louisville electric light works exploded Monday evening, fatally injuring William Adams, fireman, and wrecking the building. Fragments of the boiler were hurled across the alley into the rear of Kauffman and Strauss' dry goods store, firing the building. The store, a four story building, was gutted and the account books of the firm destroyed. The total loss is estimated at $25,000, fully covered by insurance.

Five Thousand Hogs Cremated.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Oct. 27.—Fire which originated in the pork packing establishment of Brittain & Co. Monday evening through the explosion of a lamp, destroyed the entire plant with the exception of the cooling house which contained the carcasses of 1,000 hogs. Five thousand live hogs were burned. The loss is about $50,000; fully covered by insurance. The flames spread to sheds and stables of the Driving Park association, causing a loss of about $5,000.

Only One Building Left.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 27.—Pine Grove, a village on the Newport News and Mississippi Valley road, nine miles east of here, was swept away by fire Monday afternoon. Only one building is left. The fire originated in a brick warehouse and elevator, where some negroes were boiling hemp in the basement.

HANCOCK IS INNOCENT.

Pardoned by Governor Fifer After Serving Over Three Years.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 27.—The governor has granted a pardon to William Hancock, who was at the February term, 1888, of the Lawrence county circuit court, convicted of the burglary of a house near Lawrenceville and was sentenced to the southern Illinois penitentiary for ten years. Hancock was quite young at the time of his conviction and his previous reputation had been good.

Innocent of the Crime.

Three men who were convicted with him and who are now serving terms in the penitentiary make affidavit that he was not present at the time of the burglary. The governor says: "I am thoroughly convinced that the young man is absolutely innocent of the crime for which he was convicted." Governor Fifer also pardoned out of the penitentiary Charles Stewart, who was convicted in 1888 in Kankakee county of criminal assault and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years.

Edward Kohout Pardoned.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Governor Hill has signed a full pardon for Edward Kohout, who has been in Sing Sing six years for a crime of which he is innocent. Kohout and his brother were convicted of firing a tenement in this city by which four persons lost their lives, and were sentenced to imprisonment for life. Kohout's brother confessed that he and another man were guilty but that Edward was innocent.

The Oldest Woman Abolitionist.

DEDHAM, Mass., Oct. 27.—The 91st anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Eunice Ross Davis was celebrated by that lady Monday. She is the only surviving member of the Women's Anti-slavery Board of Boston and the oldest woman Abolitionist. She was born in North Andover. She is of mixed blood. Her father had African and white parents and her mother Indian and white.

Broke Up His Honeymoon.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Oct. 27.—William Mattson, who stole a gold brick last August from the Wells-Fargo Express company, at Mohawk, Plumas county, Cal., was captured here Monday. Mattson was found living with his wife, whom he had married a few weeks ago. He was committed to jail.

Charged with Criminal Libel.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—City Treasurer W. Redwood Wright swore out a warrant Monday for the arrest of L. G. Fouse, president of the Mutual Fidelity association, charging him with criminal libel for stating in a letter that Wright was accepting official fees in violation of law.

Fatally Shot His Old Employer.

RUSSELLVILLE, Ala., Oct. 27.—E. R. Richardson, ex clerk in the postoffice, shot and fatally wounded ex-Postmaster E. S. Vinson Monday, and then jumped on a horse and fled. The trouble arose over an alleged shortage in Richardson's accounts while clerk under Mr. Vinson.

Survivors of Balaklava.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—The survivors of the famous charge by the Light Brigade at Balaklava dined last night at Limmer's hotel. General Low, the oldest survivor, presided.

AN INTERESTING CELEBRATION.

The Anniversary of Establishment of Methodism in This Country.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The 125th anniversary of Methodism in this country was celebrated in its original home—the First Methodist church ever built in America, known as the John Street chapel, situated in one of the oldest and busiest sections of this city. Service

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE IN AMERICA. 1768.

was conducted by Rev. Gorman, who came from the birthplace of the church's first pastor—in Ireland. The whole day was devoted to holding anniversary meetings, participated in by many of the delegates who have been in attendance at the ecumenical convention at Washington and hailing from all parts of the globe. The old clock which stands in the lecture room, and which was sent to the society by John Wesley 130 years ago, was one of the chief objects of interest to those present.

EXPIATED HIS CRIME.

The Murderer of Rosetta Bray Dies on the Gallows.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn., Oct. 23.—Adelbert Goheen was hanged here at 12:15 Friday morning. He was baptized a Catholic Thursday afternoon and spent most of his last hours with two priests. At 11:30 Sheriff Billings entered the corridor where Goheen was waiting, read the warrant, and manacled his hands. He was then conducted to the second story of the building, where the trap was placed in the floor.

"Let Her Go, Jack."

Goheen was allowed half an hour in an adjoining room where the priests prayed, and was then conducted to the trap. His feet and body were strapped and the noose and black cap adjusted, Fathers Albrecht and Lange repeated the Lord's Prayer, and when they had finished, Goheen said: "Let her go, Jack." The sheriff pulled the lever and Goheen dropped six feet and died of strangulation in fourteen minutes. The execution was witnessed by less than twenty persons. Goheen shot and killed Rosetta Bray, a dissolute woman, last March.

ROBBED THE BANK OF $190,000.

Result of Fifteen Years' Rascality of a Paying Teller.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—A special to The Herald from New Orleans says: Eugene F. Garcin, paying teller of the Louisiana State bank, this city, is a defaulter for $190,000. His peculations have been going on for fifteen years. When the bank examiners came around he simply counted the sealed packages of notes, according to the amounts ticketed thereon. Some of these bogus packages recently got into possession of local banks. Garcin, who is a member of an old Creole family, is about 70 years of age and has been connected with the bank for years. It is suspected that he lost the money at private games of cards. The bank is entirely solvent. Garcin denies his guilt and says the defalcation is due to errors.

He Thirsts for Gore.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26.—A challenge to fight a duel sent by Dr. Nicholas Russell to Vartzy Moitch, Russian consul here, has caused a sensation among the Russian colony. The affair arose out of troubles in the Russian Greek church, in charge of Bishop Vladimir of the diocese of Alaska, who has been charged by his congregation with all manner of crimes and who is now being investigated by the grand jury on a criminal charge. Consul Moitch has defended the bishop, and this so angered Dr. Russell that he issued the challenge above referred to. So far Moitch has not answered the challenge.

Married a Colored Woman.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—A special to The World from Haverhill, Mass., says that much excitement has been created at Groveland by the announcement of the marriage of William Edwards, a prominent and respected citizen, to Mrs. Louise Betiers, a colored widow. The ceremony was performed by an Episcopal clergyman on Thursday evening, but the facts only became known Sunday. The bridegroom is 65 years old and a landscape gardener by occupation; the bride is a buxom colored woman, a native of Baltimore, and has been a widow for several years.

Bold Robbery at Omaha.

OMAHA, Oct. 26.—A bold safe burglary occurred in the office of the Omaha Street railway at 1 o'clock Monday morning. Four masked men entered the office and with drawn revolvers compelled Superintendent Beals and two other employes to stand in one corner of the room and keep quiet while two of the men worked on the safe. The door of the safe was blown off by a charge of powder and $1 200 taken. The burglars then cut the telephone wire and made their escape in the darkness. Mr. Beals is unable to furnish a satisfactory description of the men.

Diptheria Closes the Schools.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 22.—A special dispatch from Paulding states that fifty cases of diphtheria have compelled the suspension of the public schools and caused many people to remove from the town until the scourge is over.

NOBLESVILLE, Ind., Oct. 22.—Diphtheria is creating awful havoc in this place. There are 125 cases. Eleven deaths occurred Tuesday and eight Wednesday. The schools are closed and a panic prevails.

Is the Steam Locomotive Doomed?

SPOKANE, Wash., Oct. 26.—Mr. Henry Villiard, who is making a tour of the northwest, said in an interview that he believed before long all trains on the Northern Pacific railroad would be operated entirely by electricity.

Dishonest Letter Carrier.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Oct. 26.—Michael J. Cuncannon, a mail carrier, was arrested Saturday charged with using canceled postage stamps, and has been held to bail for the grand jury.

UNCLE SAM AROUSED.

The Chilians Had Better Look a Little Out.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE HELD,

Which Results in the Sending of a Cablegram to Minister Egan Instructing Him to Demand a Money Indemnity for the Families of the Sailors Who Were Killed by the Mob in Valparaiso—A Grave Situation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—A special dispatch to The Herald from Washington says the president had a conference Friday with Secretary Tracy, Attorney General Miller and John W. Foster of the state department regarding the report of Captain Schley on his investigation into the assault committed upon American seamen in Valparaiso recently. It is said on the highest authority that the government will take a strong and aggressive position. President Harrison was said to be the most outspoken advocate of this course.

Cabled to Minister Egan.

It was in a tone of exceeding bitterness that he referred to Chili's continued hostility to us. He said the time had come when we must teach the Chilian people that our patience in dealing with them is exhausted. He instanced their treatment of Minister Egan. The conference lasted from 3:30 until 6 o'clock. It was decided that our national honor demanded that we should act promptly and with corresponding firmness. At the close of the conference a cable dispatch was sent to Minister Egan at Santiago, instructing him to communicate to the Chilian provisional government the indignation of the government at the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore.

Will Demand Indemnity.

It further instructed him to demand—first, an indemnity in money to be paid to the families of the dead sailors and to the families of such of the wounded as die; second, the arrest and punishment of the participants in the assault, and third, a suitable apology to the United States. The tone of the dispatch indicates that the administration will brook no delay in securing a settlement of the matter. Chili must do what she is asked to do, and do it speedily. The situation is regarded as one of extreme gravity.

The Boston Sails for Chili.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The steel cruiser Boston sailed Saturday to reinforce the United States squadron in Chilian waters. Her captain, Gilbert C. Wiltse, received his final instructions Thursday. He expects to reach Valparaiso in about sixty days. The Boston is unarmored, but partially protected. She carries nineteen guns and has twenty-six officers and 269 men.

THE GUN WAS LOADED.

A Famous Criminal Lawyer Comes Near Causing a Tragedy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Lawyer Howe, the famous criminal attorney, narrowly escaped taking the life of a juryman in the court of general sessions. He was speaking in defense of Alexander Huppe, on trial for killing Frank Kretchman last March. The pistol with which Kretchman was slain lay on a table in front of Mr. Howe, who, in the course of his address, thought it advisable to illustrate to the jury how the tragedy, according to the defense, occurred. He showed how the two men stood and then, raising the weapon, said:

"Now, gentlemen, to make this matter perfectly plain, I'll pull the trigger."

"That Gun's Loaded."

"Hold on!" yelled Assistant District Attorney Davis, springing to his feet, "that gun's loaded."

Lawyer Howe turned as white as his shirt front and sat down in a half dazed way, realizing how near he had come to blowing a hole in the juryman at whom the gun had been pointed. The latter tried to smile, but the effort was a ghastly failure, and it was some minutes before Lawyer Howe was able to proceed. Huppe was convicted of manslaughter and will be sentenced Monday.

Killed by a Train.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.—Alexander Eck, a German baker, and George Jordon, a teamster, both residents of Camden, drove from Gloucester City to Mt. Ephraim and were in the act of crossing the tracks of the West Jersey railroad at Seventh and Van Hook streets when the Brighton accommodation train struck their carriage. Eck was thrown under the wheels of the engine and ground to pieces. Jordon was thrown a considerable distance and died on his way to the hospital. The horse escaped uninjured. It is said by those who saw the men that they acted as if they were intoxicated.

Brutally Murdered a Boy.

MOUNT CARMELL, Ills., Oct. 23.—A brutal murder occurred opposite this city on the Indiana side. A prohibition meeting was being held at the Woods schoolhouse, when a man named Hughes got into a quarrel with another named Johnson, stabbed him with a knife, and left. A short time afterward Johnson's 13 year-old brother came out, and as he stepped out the door Hughes hit him over the head with a club, cracking his skull and killing him instantly. Hughes was arrested.

Dragged to Death by a Cow.

DENVER, Oct. 26.—A special to The Republican from Georgetown says: Friday afternoon Edward Hughes, the 12-year old son of William Hughes, a prominent lawyer of this place, was killed by a cow which he was leading to a pasture. He had tied the rope around his waist when the animal took fright and started on a run, dragging the child over some rocks. He was dead when picked up.

Charged with Robbing His Grandmother.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 26.—Sheriff Tibbitts, of this county, has offered a reward for the capture of Edward Fogarty, aged 14 years, and F. R. Bryant, aged 13. Both boys are charged with having taken $1,000 from the trunk of Fogarty's grandmother. When last seen the lads were in Auburn, where they purchased tickets for Buffalo.

The Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 26.—Portions of a skeleton of a man, consisting of both hip bones and one leg, were washed upon the shore Thursday at the foot of Heck avenue. They are supposed to be parts of a body of some one who had been buried at sea years ago.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Important Events of a Week Boiled Down to Short Meter.

The carpenters of London after a strike lasting six months and costing $250,000 have resumed work.

French troops have been ordered to occupy Touat, the oasis in the Sahara, in order to prevent the forces of the Sultan of Morocco occupying it.

"Overproduction" is the cry among textile manufacturers in many parts of Germany, markets being stagnant and orders unsatisfactory. The McKinley bill is accredited with having caused the falling off in trade.

Frank Crispell, 15 years old, of Holland, Mich., was fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun.

The public schools of Nebraska City, Neb., are closed on account of the prevalence of diphtheria.

A branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has been organized at East Tawas, Mich.

A bull fight was held at the City of Mexico for the benefit of the sufferers from floods in Spain. The receipts amounted to $25,000. Nine bulls were killed.

Senecal, the late superintendent of government printing, has been arrested at Montreal for complicity in the frauds on the government.

The millionaire, C. P. Huntington, has given the town of Westchester, N. Y., near which village he lives, a library costing, with the 6,000 books that start it, fully $50,000.

Saturday the visible supply was: Wheat, 31,038,941 bushels, an increase of 1,681,560 bushels, and corn, 3,853,853 bushels, an increase of 1,635,751 bushels.

At Frankfort, Mich., fire damaged the steam barge Frank Woods $5,000. Her engineer fell into the hold and was seriously injured.

The Chino Valley beet sugar factory at Pomona, Cal., has manufactured 825 tons of granulated sugar already this season.

* * *

William Stewart was found guilty of manslaughter at Madison, Ia., for killing Orvill Selig at a dance last month. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A directory of the city of Portland, Me., for the year 1858 has been brought to light, and in it appears this line: "Blaine, J. G. editor Advertiser, boards U. S. Hotel."

The infant daughter of Mrs. James Slayton of Champaign, Ills., was found smothered to death under the bedclothes.

It is reported that Senator Stanford ordered the expulsion of 200 students at Leland Stanford, Jr., university, who recently stole a flat car and ran it down a hill to Pala Alto, Cal., station, but that he was persuaded to change his purpose by Mrs. Stanford.

In Paris are to be seen everywhere colored lithographs representing the czar and President Carnot united under entwined French and Russian flags.

Miss Villa Sherwin was struck by a Northwestern train at Mill Creek, Ills., and instantly killed.

Charles Starker and John T. Remey of Burlington, Ia., have filed a petition asking that a receiver be appointed for the McCosh Iron and Steel company of Burlington.

The official German crop report shows 12,000,000 bushels less rye and 6,000,000 less wheat than in 1890.

Secretary Noble has directed the allotting corps in Oklahoma to disband. The work will be discontinued until congress makes a new appropriation of funds.

Isaac Marston, ex-chief justice of the Michigan supreme court, is dying at his home near West Bay City, Mich.

Ambrose O. Winters has been appointed receiver for the lumber firm of Collins Wight & Son of Dayton, O. Assets $152,660, liabilities $58,253.

Mayor Barry and the entire city council of Newport, Ky., have been sent to jail for contempt of court. They refused to use the lights furnished by a lighting company as directed.

John Russ was lynched at Columbia, La., for killing Hager Sterling, a negress.

* * *

The machinists and engineers at the steel works at Bellaire, O., have struck.

Two colored hostlers were asphxiated by natural gas in their beds at Allegheny City, Pa.

An application has been made for a receiver for the Gogebic Developing company of Hurley, Wis.

The infant daughter of C. J. Elkstrom of Lincoln, Neb., was fatally poisoned by eating too many pills.

The negotiations between the Cherokee commission and Pawnee, Osage, Otoe, and Pouca Indians for the purchase of 2,000,000 acres of land owned by these tribes are progressing favorably.

Earnings of Michigan railroads for the first six months of 1891 were $48,038,616, against $42,783,582 for the corresponding period of 1890.

Andrew Osahofsky of Streator, Ills., died from the effects of a beating given him by four of his companions.

Andrew Wray was run over by a freight train at Monmouth, Ills., and killed.

Direct defeated Hal Pointer at Nashville in three straight heats, pacing the second mile in 2:09¼, the best time ever made in a harness race.

Jacob Frahm of Tuscola, Ills., died of paralysis. He was serving on a jury when stricken.

Leopold Meffen, a music teacher from Montreal, viriting with his sister, Mrs. Yanpan, in North Greenfield, Wis., shot himself at his sister's home, dying shortly afterwards. Discouragement over his failure to obtain employment was the cause of his suicide.

The Illinois F. M. B. A. at Springfield adopted resolutions demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver; a graduated income tax; the election of all officers from president to postmasters by a direct vote; the extension of the free mail delivery to the country, and denouncing government subsidies.

John Wadsworth was precipitated down the shaft of a coal mine at Petersburg, Ills., by the failure of the machinery to work. He was killed.

* * *

At Oakdale, Pa., William McMahon shot and almost instantly killed John Stabler. McMahon was bitten by Stabler's dog, and, procuring a revolver, shot the dog and then fired into Stabler's house, killing Stabler.

A passenger steamer on the Volga was destroyed by fire near Rybinsk, Russia. Seven persons perished in the flames.

Pickpockets entered the state convention of Baptists at Marshalltown, Ia., and extracted the day's collection, about $20, from the pocket of a member.

The Mississippi Valley Mutual Insurance company of Davenport, Ia., announces that it will retire from business Oct. 31.

William Dagler's barn in Rush county, Ind., burned, together with four horses. Blue Vein, one of the number, was valued at $10,000.

Six men were killed on a farm near Mayville, N. D., by the explosion of a thrashing engine boiler.

Prince Krapotkin, the noted Nihilist, meditates visiting America this winter and delivering lectures on prisons, socialism and kindred topics.

At East Chicago, Ind., the National Forge and Iron works were bought at receiver's sale by H. E. Weaver for $51,000. The plant cost $249,000 two years ago.

Philip Herbert Carpenter, M. A., F. R. S., the distinguished scientist, died in London.

A collision of freight trains on the Illinois Central near Milan, Tenn., set the adjacent forest on fire. The total loss is $20,000.

The German admiralty has ordered seven new torpedo boats to be built at the Elbing yards, where two cruisers are also being constructed for the Prussian government.

A young son of O. Hanson of Burlington, Ia., was burned to death by falling into a bonfire.

James Taaffe was struck with a monkey wrench by James McAnnally at Decatur, Ills., and is in a critical condition.

Allerton tried to lower his record at Independence, Ia., but failed. He trotted the mile in 2:10½.

The only negro in the next congress will be H. P. Cheatham of North Carolina, now entering his second term. He is about 34 years old and is a college graduate.

Natural gas has been struck at a depth of 125 feet at Hillsboro, Ills.

* * *

The American Public Health association at Kansas City decided to hold its convention in 1893 in Chicago, and make it an international affair.

The biggest moose bagged in Maine this season stood twenty hands high and weighed 1,400 pounds. His antlers will adorn the New York Athletic club house.

Emil Heupner was arrested at Oshkosh, Wis., charged with setting fire to the mill of Charles Thompson & Co. The building was totally destroyed, causing a loss of $6,000.

Commissioner of Pensions Raum says it is not necessary to send pension certificates in making application for increase of pension.

Fire at Austin, Minn., destroyed the pressed brick works causing a loss of $25,000, on which there was $6,000 insurance.

A 5 year-old daughter of Mrs. S. J. Skates of Winterset, Ia., was choked to death while attempting to swallow some raw beans.

Thomas M. Atherton, editor of the Mitchell County (Ia.) Press, died Friday at Osage.

It is believed that in a month Salton lake will be perfectly dry.

The chief of the bureau of statistics, in his monthly statement of the imports and exports of the United States, reports that the total value of the exports of merchandise during the twelve months ended Sept. 30 was $928,091,136. The value of the imports was $824,715,270.

Two brakemen were killed and two engineers fatally injured in a collision of freight trains on a branch of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad near Lake City, Ia.

The grand jury of Franklin county, Ia., have returned an indictment against William Dorrow and Mrs. William Dorrow, his wife, for the murder of Peter Larson.

Three incendiary fires at Paris, Ills., burned property worth $7,000.

South Dakota druggists have agreed to stop selling liquors after Jan. 1, on condition that all prosecutions shall be dropped.

The Pacific Short Line railroad was sold at Omaha, to representatives of the Manhattan Trust company for $3,000,000

Chinamen are entering the United States from Mexico in large numbers, it is reported.

George C McMulkins, a farmer living near Almond, Wis., was held up by highwaymen and robbed of $5,000.

A recent invention introduced in factories enables any person in any part of the factory to stop the main engine simply by pushing an electric button.

* * *

One million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred and thirty pilgrims visited the holy coat at Treves.

Burglars secured $200 from the postoffice and Hill's clothing store at Sidney, Ia. They escaped by means of a stolen team.

Superintendent Parker of the Institute of the Blind at Madison, Wis., has resigned.

In the year 1888, according to The Economiste Francais, there were 28,473 divorces in the United States, or nearly 4,000 more than were granted in France, England, Italy, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Roumania and Canada together.

Princess Beatrice's last baby, born on Oct. 4, was Victoria's twelfth grandson and thirty-fourth grandchild.

The health authorities of London have been notified of an extensive outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia in South London. In the dairy alone fifty cows have been killed owing to the fact that they were suffering from this disease.

William Caswell, secretary of the Lenoir City Land company, was thrown from his horse at Knoxville, Tenn., and instantly killed.

Mr. Ellis, who had charge of the rain-making party in Texas, says the cost of the rainfall at San Diego, Cal., was ¼ cent per acre, while the benefit was 10 cents per acre.

The Danish inspector at Godhaven, Greenland, says that the Esquimaux unequivocally reject all belief in the existence of hell. They are unable to realize that it is possible to use such a beneficent agent as fire for purposes of punishment.

A naturalist tried to enter Duisburg, Prussia, with a collection of butterflies without the payment of duty, as the custom-house agent there classed them as "poultry" because they had wings.

The Niagara Falls tunnel has now 1,175 feet of its 3,530 excavated.

California has 246 banks of all kinds, with a capital surplus of $84,745,264.

Cornell university boasts of the biggest freshman class this year. It numbers over 600, but this, of course, embraces a number of departments.

Big Sensation Brewing.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 27.—Judge Siebecker still refuses to disclose his reasons for refusing to try the ex-treasurer's cases to recover interest claimed by the state. If an attempt has been made to bribe him in behalf of either the defense or the state in the celebrated treasury suit against H. B. Harshawa, no one is aware of the fact. It is the general suspicion, however, that an attempt, direct or indirect, has been made to prejudice the interests of the state and the names of men high in political life are freely passed from mouth to mouth. It is thought that a tremendous sensation is brewing.

Girl Eaten by a Bear.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 27.—Miss Likens, who resides near Shawsville, Montgomery county, met a terrible death recently. She went out to gather berries on the mountain side, and not returning in a seasonable time, search was instituted for her. A few miles from her home the searchers ran across a large bear, at whose feet the outlines of a woman could be indistinctly observed. The bear was dispatched and it was then found that bruin's victim was Miss Likens. The body was terribly mutilated and partly devoured.

Looks Like Murder.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Oct. 27.—Martin Mooney, a Fort Worth and Rio Grande railway employe, was found hanging to the limb of a tree in the outskirts of the city Sunday morning. He had just been paid $178. The supposition is that he was drugged and robbed, and that he died from the effect of the drug and was placed where he was found to convey the impression that he had committed suicide. The body had none of the marks usual in cases of death from strangulation, and the feet touched the ground.

Burglar Shot by a Boy.

LYONS, Ia., Oct. 27.—A couple of burglars attempted to force an entrance into the house of Charles Brandt, at Preston, Ia., twenty miles north of here, Sunday night. A 15 year-old son of the proprietor shot, and is believed to have fatally wounded, one man, as blood was plentiful about the house and on the grounds. The wounded man must have been carried off by his comrade, as searching parties have failed to unearth him.

Got Tired of His Titled Wife.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 27.—While in Paris in 1886 James B. Stearns, a New York broker, married the Countess Elvira Monthilong, one of the most aristocratic members of the French nobility. On their return to New York they lived happily for awhile, but Stearns soon tired of his foreign wife and finally deserted her. Monday she received a decree of divorce for this cause with permission to resume her maiden name.

General Beauregard and the Lottery.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 27.—General Beauregard is here and was questioned concerning the South Dakota lottery indictment. He denied in emphatic terms that he had any official connection with the lottery, his duty being simply supervisory, to see that the drawings are fair. He, however, said he could see nothing wicked or immoral in the lottery, much less criminal, and in strong terms defended the lottery.

A Too-Sensitive Express Messenger.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 27.—W. J. Cummins, southern express messenger on the Cincinnati, Selma and Mobile railroad attempted suicide on his car when his train was near Newberne, Ala., Monday by shooting himself in the breats, and will die. Before the shooting Cummins wrote a note to the express officials saying that he had lost a package containing $1,000 and intended to kill himself.

Registration in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The registration in this city this year is 261,917. Last year it was 244,970. In 1888 the total registration was 286,500. In Brooklyn the registration this year is 157,792. Last year it was 136,967. In 1888 it was 156,190.

Suicide of a Newspaper Correspondent.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 27.—P. S. Tracey, a correspondent of newspapers in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburg, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. No cause is known for the deed.

In Favor of the Heirs.

ALBANY, Oct. 27.—The court of appeals Tuesday handed down a decision affirming the judgment of the lower court in favor of the heirs in the Tilden will case.

Amateur Gypsies.

Two young ladies spending the summer at Goose Rocks, Me., one of whom is said to be worth a quarter of a million in her own name, indulged in an escapade a few days ago which yielded them a good deal of amusement and had one practical result. Both are skilled musicians, one playing the banjo and the other the guitar. Donning the most dilapidated and picturesque combination of feminine wearing apparel which could be procured at the Rocks, they went over to Kennebunk beach, and for the day were successful in palming themselves off as gypsies.

In return for the music given they solicited contributions from the guests, and so well were their efforts appreciated that their day's prank netted them about eight dollars. Hearing of an unfortunate family who had lost their all by fire, the girls gave them the profits of their expedition, which certainly panned out better than most such jokes.—Lewiston Journal.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. Willard in "Judah."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Carmencita.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Royal Midgets."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Potter of Texas."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"U and I."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Charles A. Gardner.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Havlin's "Pair of Jacks."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Barry & Fay.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—J. C. Rice in "A Knotty Affair."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"The Burglar."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

A DISGUSTING FACTION FIGHT.

All friends of Ireland in this country and the world over cannot help feeling shocked and horrified at the reported attempt to blow up the office of the Dublin *National Press*—the M'Carthyite organ—with a dynamite bomb last Saturday night. THE CITIZEN cannot believe that any member of the Redmond faction would be so base as to commit such an act. It would seem, really, to be the villainous trick of some Tory miscreant anxious to impress the English mind, as an offset to Gladstone's Newcastle speech and Home Rule propaganda, with the idea that Irishman are unfit for self-government. Mr. Redmond and his supporters can do no less, for their own fair fame, than to denounce and repudiate the atrocious outrage without loss of time. No section of the Irish people can afford to have such a crime laid at their door. If it is so laid, the world can say, and with great justice, that they exhibit much more dangerous ferocity in fighting each other than in battling against the common enemy. The sense of the civilized world is against the use of dynamite, under any circumstances, and no matter how great may be the provocation, except when operated under the rules of war. The irresponsible use of so terrible an explosive would, if permitted, be a constant menace to life and property. The innocent would suffer with the guilty and a state of general chaos would be the result. This is why, and not because of any sympathy with the tyranny of England over Ireland, the American people so universally denounced the use of dynamite by the Irish in London seven years ago. The public opinion of the world is something that cannot be successfully fought by any nation, whether subject or otherwise.

Nor is the dynamite outrage the only recent blot on Irish character. Every day the cable brings us information of terrible rows in the city of Cork, where John Redmond is making a fight for the seat rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Parnell. William Redmond has threatened to slap Maurice Healy's face on sight, and has said that "the Bantry gang" cannot insult his brother and himself as they insulted Parnell. On Tuesday, there was a riot, which is enough to make people of Irish birth and blood in America blush for their infatuated kindred in the old land. Fancy a people struggling to throw off the yoke of a foreign government, acting as reported in the following cablegram, while all Irish and English Torydom stands by on the broad grin, which means "We told you so":

"CORK, Oct. 27.—William O'Brien and John Dillon arrived here today. They were met by a deputation composed of members of the National Federation, representatives of the Gaelic club, the municipal officers, and a large number of priests. An enormous crowd of people lined the route from the railroad station. The procession was headed by a brass band and escorted by a strong detachment of police. Mr. O'Brien, during his speech at the assembly rooms, said he was willing to give fair play to his opponents, but added he would not yield to "brickbats and dynamite bombs," a remark which was received with considerable loud applause. Continuing Mr. O'Brien said the Parnellites might blow up the office of the newspaper representing the views of the McCarthyites, but they cannot destroy the spirit which animates the party. At another part of his discourse Mr O'Brien, amid cheers, called upon John E. Redmond, the Parnellite candidate for Cork city and the new leader of the Parnellite party, to repudiate all responsibility for the dynamite incident in Dublin. After the Cork county convention had adjourned, there was a serious fight in the streets of this city between the McCarthyites and the Parnellites. As soon as the convention closed its proceedings, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien passed through the city, still accompanied by the procession which met them at the railway station. Suddenly the McCarthyites were attacked by a large mob of Parnellites, and both sides fought desperately with sticks, clubs, shovels and pikes. A detachment of mounted police was sent for and they spurred their horses in between the two lines of combatants, striking right and left with the flat of their sabers amid two cross showers of stones and bricks. A large number of wounded were stretched bleeding in the streets before the troops restored order. The neighboring hospital had to find accommodation for many wounded persons by the time hostilities were suspended. There is great excitement everywhere in Cork this evening. The antagonistic groups, it is feared, will reassemble, and there is danger that the battle between them will be resumed."

Now, if the people of Cork were to expend some of their surplus valor in a skirmish with the police or redcoats, by way of practice, it would not be so bad, but to exhaust their martial propensities upon one another is worse than stupid, and must inevitably lower them in the estimation of mankind. The situation in Ireland today forcibly recalls the stories we heard in our youth of the desperate conflicts in Belfast, Limerick and other places between the Old and Young Irelanders before and after the death of O'Connell. We know the result. Ireland became a bye word in the mouth of civilization, and when Smith O'Brien called the people to arms in July, 1848, there was not enough spirit left in the country to defeat a miserable squad of constabulary cooped up in a Tipperary farm house. What a degeneracy since the heroic period of '98! and it was due to two causes—the famine and faction, but more particularly to the latter.

THE CITIZEN fully understands how difficult it is to bring Irishmen together, once they have differed radically and that hot and hasty, not to say hard, words have passed between them. It is one of the defects of the national character that we are fierce haters, particularly of one another, when we cannot even agree to disagree. Greater victories can be won off the battlefield than on it, if men could only bring themselves to think so. Many an Irishman would cheerfully shoulder his rifle to fight for Ireland tomorrow who could not be brought to shake hands with a personal enemy even if Ireland's freedom was at stake. Do we need confirmation of this sad statement? Well, read the following from the leading editorial of *United Ireland*, which has "NO!" for a heading, of Saturday, Oct. 17:

"No! we cannot make friends with you. We cannot join hands over his grave with the people who killed him. We cannot, even if for Ireland it were good, smile today in the faces of the men who turned their backs upon him (Parnell) when he stood at bay, a hundred thousand Saxons howling for his life."

The article then proceeds, rather hysterically it seems to us, to apostrophise the dead man, and to hurl anathema at the McCarthyites. THE CITIZEN has had its say about the conduct of the last named faction. It has deplored their weakness and slavishness, but it does not believe that the great majority of the men who deserted Parnell did so with criminal or with traitorous design. They were simply misled or terrorized by forces entirely outside of politics. It is sheer nonsense to say that they meditated the death of Parnell when they seceded from him, any more than O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher meditated the death of Daniel O'Connell when they seceded from his leadership.

The Irish factions may fight all they please, to make a Dublin or a Cork holiday, but they are cutting Ireland's throat every time they malign a fellow countryman or break his head for the sake of liberty. They will disgust all lovers of human freedom in every land by their frantic conduct, which approaches the disorder of Bedlam. Fancy such stuff as the following, also from *United Ireland* being scattered broadcast through the distracted country:

"No! That is our reply (to the plea for union and forgiveness) then. We cannot, must not, will not. No, by Heaven, *will* not. No, not if England beat her knee to us, struck her flag to us, licked the dust in the presence of our assembled people. Surely to God these men who talk of union do not think that Ireland is a nation of dastards. * * * Wait, traitors, wait—the ides of March are near! Shake hands with you over his grave—with you who pushed him into it—with you who blanched his cheek, crushed his spirit, broke his great heart: shake hands over his grave with *you?* Never!" And so on to the end.

The Irish in America, who certainly have done something for Ireland, would be the veriest idiots if they gave a cent of good American money to fan the flames of the unnatural faction fight indicated by the spirit of *United Ireland's* editorial. It would be a criminal act on our part to encourage such a monstrous warfare. It would, in fact, be doing the work of the enemy with still more perfection. God save Ireland from such friends as *United Ireland* as well as from her foreign foes!

THE HOME RULE CHICKEN.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., speaking to an Irish constituency recently, said, referring to Gladstone's alleged new Home Rule bill, that it would be a pity and a shame for a nation situated as Ireland is to break with England (meaning thereby the Liberal party) under existing circumstances. Mr. Dillon, like Mr. O'Brien and others, takes an optimistic view of the coming general election. He believes that Mr. Gladstone, if he lives, will be returned to power with a great working majority behind him, and that Home Rule will be assured. From Mr. Dillon's standpoint it is not unreasonable to ask Ireland to give Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals who follow him a chance to show what they mean to do. The English Liberal papers are doing their utmost to sugar-coat Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule pill in advance of its production in the house of commons, that is if he comes into power. It is given out, semi-officially, that greater powers over revenue and judiciary will be granted to Ireland than under the bill of 1886; but that the Irish representation in the London parliament will be retained, on a smaller scale than now, in order to please the Liberal Unionists, and take away the Tory argument that separation, not Home Rule, is intended.

THE CITIZEN has its own opinion about the whole business, and its faith in the honesty of the English Liberal party, manipulated by Harcourt and Otto Trevelyan, is not strong, but it cannot see any reason for the existence of an Irish Home Rule party at all unless the latter means to co-operate with Gladstone. THE CITIZEN thinks the new bill will be more or less a humbug, but it can do no harm to give it a trial. No section of the Irish party can afford to fight the Home Rule ides—not even the ultra separatist section, to which, were we in Ireland, we would heartily belong, and which THE CITIZEN sympathizes with to the utmost extent. After all it may be a case of counting chickens before their advent upon the stage of life. Gladstone may die, or the Tories may win. Either of these events would put an end to Home Rule.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH'S BELATED DENIAL.

According to a recent cable message, Archbishop Walsh has indignantly denied that he was the author of the ghoulish editorial which appeared in the *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, immediately after the death of Parnell. His Grace, according to the same message, threatens to sue for damages "the Chicago paper which published the libel." His Grace ought to sue, in the first place, the cable fiend, or his employers, who sent the false information to the American papers. It was published broadcast throughout the United States, and was commented on in a manner anything but complimentary to the christian charity of the archbishop by a number of them, including THE CITIZEN. In this country, it is not our habit to wait for a month or two before commenting on important matters of news. We may be, sometimes, in error, but as a general proposition we are right. The archbishop of Dublin has been mixed up in Irish politics so much and so long that we are apt, at times, to remember him in the capacity of a politician rather than that of a prelate. Political archbishops, when they enter the secular arena, must be prepared to take their medicine like ordinary lay mortals. If they attend strictly to their sacred functions nobody, except bigots or cranks, will interfere with or misrepresent them. Churchmen, because of their holy calling, are better out of politics. As a rule, they are the very poorest kind of politicians—they cannot serve two masters and be expected to be considered the sacred representatives of only one. In this way Archbishop Croke came to grief some time ago, and Archbishop Walsh is having his turn now. Both are excellent prelates in the spiritual sense, but both have an unconquerable itching to be in politics. Hence they are always in danger of being the victims of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. THE CITIZEN is sorry for them, and yet the situation has its compensating side also. It shows conclusively that Christ is not with the prelates of the church He founded when they travel beyond the lines that He laid down for them to follow. He is with His church, but not with such of her ministers as go upon the stump. There is a vast difference between the Rock of Peter and the stump platform of Irish politics.

His Grace of Dublin is only just beginning to find out how easily a prelate who interferes in matters outside his sacred jurisdiction may be made the victim of a campaign lie—manufactured on his own side of the herring pond. Perhaps his recent unhappy experience may prove a salutary warning to his Grace. Viewing the matter in this light, we make due allowance for his Grace's very natural chagrin, as reported by cable. Perhaps next time the most reverend archbishop will not wait nearly a whole month before setting himself right with the world at large.

By the way, here is another report of uncharitableness in the Catholic church of Ireland sent by cable to the Chicago *Tribune* of Wednesday:

"The sermon preached last Sunday at Kilkenny by Father Fidelis, of the Order of St. Francis, is much commented upon here and elsewhere. Father Fidelis, upon that occasion, bitterly denounced the late Charles Stewart Parnell, saying that 'the most depraved monster who ever lived' was 'now swept off the face of the earth.' The reverend gentleman also said that the women who were supporting him were 'limbs of the devil,' and that the local workingmen's club was a 'synagogue of hell.'"

All of the foregoing paragraph is, if true, worthy of the dark ages, and no self respecting people would, for a moment, tolerate in their pulpit any clergyman who could so far forget God and what is due to God's creatures as to use such language. We hope for the sake of religion, honor and liberty in Ireland that the report is false. Unfortunately, however, there are precedents in Irish pulpit history which would make the statement appear not improbable. Bishop Moriarty, of Kerry, once said, as is well known, that "hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough" to punish the men who belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood. John Mitchel once said to the Orangemen of Ulster: "The Pope may be Anti-christ, but he does not issue writs of ejectment in Ulster." So also, Parnell may have been a "depraved monster," but he did more for Ireland and the Irish race than all the prelates that have existed in that country from the days of St. Lawrence O'Toole—who consented by written treaty to make Ireland an English fief with Roderick O'Connor as Henry II.'s "royal" vassal—to our own. Therefore shall Parnell's name live and be honored by Ireland, the most faithful and long suffering of Catholic nations, long centuries after Father Fidelis shall have gone before his God to answer for the fierce and merciless language which he is reported to have uttered in regard to the dead leader.

AMERICA'S "MOTHER COUNTRY."

Owing to Thomas Paine's unfortunate dabbling in theology, of which he was not a thorough student, and the consequent disfavor into which he fell with Christians—although he professed belief in a personal God, which is much more than modern free thinkers do—his wonderful political works, undertaken chiefly in behalf of American independence, have been greatly overlooked in our generation. Paine was an Englishman by birth, and seldom has England given birth to a man of finer intellectual capacity. His "Common Sense" and "Crisis" did almost as much for American liberty as the flint locks of the Continentals. A singular thing about his character was his freedom from insular prejudice, although he had a strong objection to the Catholic church, like most Englishmen of his time. He was not, however, half as severe upon the church as upon England herself. In "Common Sense" he has the following to say on the subject of American rights:

"Alas, we have long been led away by ancient prejudices, and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain without considering that her motive was interest, not attachment, and that she did not protect us from our enemies on our account, but from her enemies on her own account, from those who had no quarrel with us on any other account, and who will (would) always be our enemies on the same account. Let Britain waive her pretentions to the (American) continent and we should be at peace with France and Spain, were they at war with Britain. * * * France and Spain never were, nor perhaps never will be our enemies as Americans, but as our being the subjects of Great Britain.

"But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families, therefore the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase parent or mother country hath been adopted by the king and his parasites with a cunning design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. *Europe, and not England, is the parent (mother) country of America.* This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. * * * Not one-third of the inhabitants even of this province (Pennsylvania, 1776) are of English descent. Therefore, I reprobate the phrase of parent or mother country, applied to England only, as being false, selfish, narrow and ungenerous."

The following passage from the same pamphlet might have been written by Wolfe Tone or Emmet in regard to Ireland:

"Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature, cries *'tis time to part.* Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America is a strong, natural proof that the authority of one over the other was never the design of heaven."

And again: "I am not induced by motives of pride, party or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence. I am clearly, positively and conscientously persuaded that it is the true interest of this country to be so; that everything short of *that* is mere patchwork; that it can afford no lasting felicity—that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would have rendered this country the glory of the earth."

And so it hath proved. Happy America! Unhappy Ireland!

UNCLE SAM ON HIS MUSCLE.

The American government has evidently put down its foot firmly in making demands for reparation and apology on the Chilian government for the recent outrage committed by policemen and citizens of Valparaiso on the crew of the United States man-of-war Baltimore. The more the affair is examined into, the more culpable appears the base conduct of the Chilians toward the unarmed sailors of a friendly nation. Apology or no apology, our fleet, such as it is, ought to bombard Valparaiso, after giving non-combatants notice to retire, as a matter of justice rather than of vengeance. The place must be a nest of scoundrelly assassins and richly deserves summary chastisement. England, the interested ally of the junta, holds up her hands in affected horror and lectures America on the wickedness of attacking a small power. How soon Coomassie, Magdala and Alexandria are forgotten by those blushless vagabonds, the English editors! But America has had her eyes opened of late to England's little game in Chili, as will be seen by the following dispatch:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 27.—There was something like sarcasm in the informal Cabinet talk today over the tone of the European comment on the Chilian episode. The tearful suggestion of the English press that a powerful nation like the United States should be slow to bring a weaker country to book for a national insult was looked upon as smacking strongly of cant. The time has never been known when Great Britain failed to take advantage of a real or fancied affront from a weak country by bullying it into monetary and territorial concessions. Just now the English capitalists are alarmed over the possibility of not being left to squeeze all there was out of faction cursed Chili. Their claims for losses from the nitrate beds and other causes foot up $60,000,000. In due time the whole power of their government would be used to bully the country into paying the greater portion of these claims, and the Congressional party would find Chili more helpless than ever under England's protecting watchfulness. The bare suggestion of trouble between the United States and the Junta postpones the time when the claims can be presented, hence the tears of the English nitrate ring.

The Secretary of State has formally directed Minister Egan, who has acted throughout the difficulty with great dignity and firmness, to represent the demands of the United States to the Chilian government in the strongest possible manner. In order to emphasize these directions, several additional cruisers and one great iron clad have been put into commission, and the active preparations in all the navy yards indicate that our amiable, but sturdy and gallant, Uncle Samuel is rolling up his sleeves for business. After he gets through with Chili, if she does not come to terms, there won't be a grease spot of her left.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"O.B.," City—We cannot notice requests for information by anonymous correspondents.

"AGRICULTURIST," Creston, Ia.—The bogs of Ireland are capable of being reclaimed if a thorough drainage system was applied to them. They are invaluable as suppliers of cheap fuel. The most hopelessly bad lands in Ireland are those which border on the Atlantic Ocean, particularly on the shore line of Connacht and Ulster. The island in general is exceedingly fertile.

"LONDON IRISHMAN," Louisville, Ky.—Capt. Nolan, of Balaklava fame, was born in Ireland, and was well known to most people in the province of Connacht as a great sportsman. He was a brave, ambitious man, and his early death no doubt deprived England of another great Irish general.

"M. DALTON," City—The speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher are out of print in this country. There is, we believe, an Irish edition, published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

"JAMES FITZGERALD," City—The present Duke of Leinster is the great grand nephew of Lord Edward. The latter's only son, Hon. Edward Fox Fitzgerald, an obscure country gentleman, died about twenty years ago.

"L. M. LARKIN," Milwaukee, Wis.—There can be no doubt whatever of the descent of the Celtic Scotch from the Irish. In old histories Ireland is called Scotia Major and Scotland Scotia Minor, which, of itself, indicates that the latter was peopled by the former. Then the similarity of clan names, language and physique show the Irish and Scotch to be close relations. The Scandinavian blood in Scotland originated with the Danish invasions, the same as in England and Ireland. But the Celtic race has always predominated in Scotland and always will.

MAJ. WILLIAM H. COULSON, a veteran officer of splendid record, died of a complication of diseases in this city on Sunday. He was buried on Tuesday and his funeral was largely attended by members of the Loyal Legion, Veteran Union League, Grand Army of the Republic and lay citizens of all classes and callings.

NEXT Tuesday will be election day. The Australian ballot system will be put upon its trial for the first time in Illinois. It is very simple, and we have no doubt will operate to the advantage of the people after a trial or two.

THE CITIZEN, while independent in politics, must protest against the very bad taste displayed by several school principals and teachers of Cook county in coming out publicly as supporters of Mr. Bright for the office of county superintendent of schools. The employes of the county who are entitled to vote have a perfect right to exercise their ballot privileges as citizens, but they have no right to caucus or cabal in favor of any candidate, whether Republican or Democratic. In case of the defeat of the candidate of their selection, the relations between them and his successful rival would be decidedly strained. Hence the folly and bad taste of their action.

MANY good men will be voted for next Tuesday, Nov. 3, in Cook county, but the name of no better man than John M. Carroll for county commissioner appears on any ticket. Mr. Carroll will be elected and the taxpayers of Cook county will benefit accordingly.

THE *Catholic Home*, of this city, is now edited by the Rev. James J. McGovern, an able writer on Catholic and other subjects. The business manager is Mr. Andrew O'Connell Cahill, recently of Dublin, Ireland, and a gentleman of remarkable energy. THE CITIZEN hopes that, under the new regime, the *Catholic Home* may flourish.

IN HONOR OF PARNELL.

A mass meeting of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at Horan's Hall, for the purpose of giving an united expression of sorrow for the death of the great Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, who was a vice-president and patron of the association. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas O'N. Jones, the president of the association. Mr. James E. Ryan acted as secretary. Almost every seat in the hall was occupied. Among those present were Judge Hogan, of St. Louis, Mr. Curry, Thomas Murphy, John Mullen, Father Dore, Father Finn, J. S. Hyland, J. Cooney, L. Buckley, A. Donoghue, J. G. O'Donnell, F. J. Ryan, C. O'Donnell, E. E. Walsh, R. Ambrose, Edward Kelly, T. J. Condon, Edward Elwood, Michael Fitzgerald, Miss Kate Jones, Miss Kate Brady and many others.

The chairman, in a few brief, but poignant remarks, explained the object of the meeting. He regretted that two of the speakers on the programme were unable to attend. He reminded the gathering that they were assembled to do honor to the dead, and at the same time to avoid all party discussion. The secretary read the resolutions, which were expressive of sorrow at the death of the great Irish leader, of appreciation of the lasting services which he had rendered to his country, and of hope that the work which he had so manfully engaged in would be carried to a speedy and successful termination by the concentrated efforts of an united Ireland.

Mr. J. Lawler, who was introduced as the speaker of the evening, was warmly received. He said that they were assembled there to honor the memory of one of Ireland's greatest leaders, one who had been a true friend of Ireland, and who had encouraged and supported the Gaelic Athletic Association. He would not insult the intelligence of his hearers by recounting the events in the short but brilliant parliamentary career of Charles Stewart Parnell. From the time that he and Joe Biggar had commenced the policy of obstruction in the British house of commons Irish opinion and Irish interests had made themselves felt as they never had been felt before. He (the speaker) hoped that Irishmen everywhere would unite to win the goal, within sight of which their great leader had brought them.

Mr. R. W. Wolfe next addressed the meeting. He said that Charles Stewart Parnell deserved well of the Gaelic Athletic Association and of all Irishmen. His remains were now lying within the silent walls of Glasnevin, but his grave would be kept verdant by the tears of his grateful countrymen until the end which he had in view, Home Rule for Ireland, would be attained.

Mr. Connealy, of the Innisfail Club, recited "Fontenoy," and was loudly cheered by the audience. Mr. Lawler then recited an interesting piece relating to the history of Ireland in '98. The continued applause which greeted Mr. Lawler's declamation brought him back to the stage. He again won the plaudits of his hears by his excellent rendering of an elegant piece taken from the Spanish.

At this stage the chairman announced that there was no other speaker on the programme, but he said that anyone in the hall was quite welcome to address the meeting. Mr. Curry briefly introduced Judge Hogan, of St. Louis, as a staunch Irishman, who was well known to them all. The judge was cordially received. After explaining to the audience that he was entirely unexpectant of being called upon to make a speech, he proceeded to deliver an eloquent impromptu panegyric on the late Irish leader. He had met Charles Stewart Parnell and had heard from himself his views and sentiments. He was cognizant of the unremitting abuse and contumely to which the great Irish leader had been subjected. He said that Parnell had stood at the head of his party in defiance to Englishmen, and had made them feel his power. That he had compelled them to listen to him, while he allowed them to see that there was a power behind his back which was ready to burst forth if England did not harken to the just demands of Ireland. He concluded by impressing upon his audience that when Ireland would have a parliament of her own in the old house in College Green, the statue of Parnell would occupy as prominent a niche in that temple of fame as would that of Emmet, Grattan, Wolfe Tone, or O'Connell. Mr. Dowling sang "God Save Ireland," being joined by all in the hall, and the meeting adjourned.

A Flourishing Firm.

Attention is called to the advertisement of P. F. Ryan & Co. in another column. This enterprising dry good establishment offers, as will be seen, great additional advantages to its patrons during the present season. Such liberal dealings must have the effect of enormously increasing the volume of business in the establishment of P. F. Ryan & Co.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Pope's Mass—Great Enthusiasm Displayed by Those Who Were Present.

The Condemned Gospels of M. Lasserre—News From France.

FROM ROME.

THE POPE'S MASS.

The Holy Father again celebrated mass in St. Peter's on Tuesday last. From five o'clock in the morning the crowd began to arrive, and by the time the great Porta di Bronzo was thrown open, the multitude in the Piazza di St. Pietro seemed to be almost as great as on the famous jubilee day. It was not pleasant to see the grand piazza chained in by a double row of soldiers, and carbineers, ostensibly there to keep public order. At precisely twenty minutes to nine the Holy Father entered St. Peter's in the sedia gestatoria, accompanied, as usual, by the ecclesiastical court. A great wave of feeling passed over that immense crowd at the sight of the aged pontiff, who seems to grow more transparently shadow like every day. We heard two Camerieri di Cappae Spada say: "His great strength of will alone keeps him alive, but," they devoutly added, "his will is to do the will of God." Leo XIII. wore the splendid ring offered to him by the Sultan of Turkey. Like the heavy tiara, which seemed to weigh down the venerable head that bravely bore its burden, so the massive ring appeared to be too much for the thin wax like, and trembling hand, raised in constant and loving benediction. In our eyes the Pontiff seems to be gently fading, and we imagine that when death *does* claim him, it will be tenderly, and without any warning.

THE VIVAS AND ENTHUSIASM

were almost overpowering, and the Holy Father was visibly affected. The mass once begun, silence was complete. In the grandly immense basilica, not a sound was to be heard. One could close the eyes and almost believe themselves alone before the altar, were it not that the suffocating heat announced the presence of much humanity. The most impressive part of the mass celebrated by a Pope is the Elevation. While the Supreme Pontiff of the New Law shows the Living Host to the prostrate people, the sweet and penetrating melody of six silver trumpets (sounded only when the Pontiff celebrates) are heard from high up in the cupola of St. Peter's, announcing the actual presence of the Omnipotent Judge. The ceremonies ended, Leo XIII. was conveyed in the sedia to the center of the church, from whence he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction in a clear, firm voice. Although his physical weakness was extreme, he caused himself to be again carried around the cathedral before leaving, to the evident astonishment of his attendants and intense joy of the faithful.

THE NUMBER AT THE MASS.

The Pope's mass, on Tuesday last, in St. Peter's, has given rise to so many fantastically exaggerated accounts that a little truth is somewhat necessary. We hear from some that 80,000 was the exact number, other again affirm 10,000, and so on. Thirty thousand tickets were distributed. This fact alone does not aid calculation much, for numbers did not use their biglietto at all, whereas several entered upon one, and others again, without any permission, pressed in with the crowd. Until calculations show the number entering and leaving, the truth can never be arrived at. But it is a fact that since the famous jubilee day such a crowd has not been seen in the grandest basilica in the world.

"ONE FOLD, ONE BODY, ONE KINGDOM."

The International Youths' Society, which has sent pilgrimages to Rome from every part of the world upon the occasion of the tercentenary of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, are trying to organize a Universal Youths' Society, with the object of working in unison towards the triumph of Catholic ideas. Several meetings have been held, and we learn that the members are full of ardent devotion to the good cause, but that, at the same time, great difficulty is experienced as to the practical working of the association. The noble efforts now being made in America towards christian education is, so to say, laying the foundation stone of such a society.

THE CONDEMNED GOSPELS OF M. LASSERRE.

Rumor has begun the Rome season by spreading certain reports which are of a nature to highly disappoint the numerous friends and sympathizers of M. Henri Lasserre. Our readers will remember the French writer whose celebrity dates from the publication of his "History of the Apparation of Lourdes," and also the circumstances connected with the condemnation of his translation of the gospels. The author has addressed a book of "Memoirs" to the Holy Father, in which he unveils the supposed intrigues of his enemies, and rebels against certain representations which he declared influenced the Pope in the exercise of Pontifical justice (sic). Finding that his demands are not granted, it is thought that Henri Lassere will publish his "Memoirs," which, up to the present, have been communicated only to the Holy Father and some of his counsellors. Should this occur, the result will be a scandal similar to that caused by the publication of "Le Testament d'un Anti-Semite," by Edouard Drumont.

PILGRIMAGE BREVITIES.

M. Leon Harmel, son of the director of the pilgrimages, has been created *Camerière di Cappa espada* by the Holy Father. On Wednesday last the Sovereign Pontiff received the latest arrivals in a review audience in St. Peter's. From ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, Leo XIII. remained in the Basilica, speaking a word of kindness and blessing every individual person. It was remarked that he showed no signs of fatigue as on the previous day after the mass. On Friday, Oct. 5, the Italian directors of pilgrimages were received in special audience by the Pope. The last five pilgrimage trains have been countermanded. Those pilgrims actually in Rome leave Wednesday according to arranged train service.

THE OTHER PILGRIMAGES WILL BE STOPPED.

The recent events are the best proof of the *spiritual* liberty of the Holy Father. So spiritually free is he, that he is not even master to receive the pilgrims who come to throw themselves at his feet craving the Apostolic Benediction. A deputation of all the anti Catholic societies visited the Pantheon on Saturday with flying banners, conspicuous among them was the Society Giordano Bruno. A too ardent youth writes *vive le Pape*, and the dead mortal king is mortally insulted! The King of Kings on the Pantheon altar may be thus insulted with impunity! *O tempora! O mores!* The courtesy of M. Harmel and his son, M. Leon Harmel, as well as that of M. Pierre Nollnan, the editor of *La Gazette de France*, towards those correspondents who were so fortunate as to have dealings with them, cannot be sufficiently praised. M. Leon Harmel speaks English exceedingly well. He is a constant reader and admirer of the *Catholic Times*.

ILLNESS OF ARBHBISHOP O'CALLAGHAN.

The numerous friends of Archbishop O'Callaghan will learn with regret that the distinguished prelate is again seriously ill. His grace is actually staying in the English convent of nursing sisters, situated in the Via Sporza ai Monti, where he is assisted by the good nuns with their well known care and devotion. This convent is a branch house of the Little Company of Mary, whose novitiate and mother house are in Nottingham. During the Roman season the Anglo American colony has frequently had cause to be very thankful that these English speaking ministering angels are at their service.

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

THE CURE OF SEVRES AND THE FRENCH PILGRIMAGE.

The Abbé Brazilliers, curé of Sévres, alluded in his parish church on Sunday to his recent visit to Rome in connection with the French workingmen's pilgrimage. He belonged to the Mans contingent of pilgrims. In giving an account of the Pope's interview with the pilgrims, he said that the working men were made to take the precedence of priests and directors, and that the Holy Father had a never to be forgotten word for each, and that they were permitted such expression of affectionate endearment as that of kissing the Pontiff's hands and pressing them in theirs. "I should have kissed his right hand with even more fervor than I did," said the curé naively, "if I had not been busy at the same time slipping my offering into his left, for, as if to descend to our level, the Holy Father accepts gifts from his pilgrims." The same priest, kneeling before Leo XIII., said, "Pray for us Holy Father."

"I PRAY FOR FRANCE EVERY DAY,"

was the reply. The Pope asked questions of the different pilgrims as to their calling and to the locality they came from. To one old man who had been in the same workhouse sixty years he gave his blessing, which included every member of the workman's family. "The Pope shed tears," said the curé of Sevrés, "and in presence of his tears it was not very easy for us to suppress ours." This good priest extended his visit to Naples and was present at the liquifaction of the blood of St. Januarius. In telling his parishioners about it he said, "I saw the miracle with my own eyes, and I know that it took place." The leading impression he brings home is that pilgrimages, like the one in which he has just taken part, are great strengtheners as well as manifestations of faith, and that they tend more than anything else to the fusion of races and of cast, and to increase the feeling of kinship among Catholics as members of a common family.

REMAINS OF GEN. LASSALLE AT THE INVALIDES.

While the remains of Gen. Boulanger were being laid in the grave in the Brussels cemetery of Ixelles, a funeral ceremony of another kind was taking place in Paris. The remains of Gen. Lasalle, after having lain in a Viennese cemetery for eighty-two years, were finding a last resting place beneath the gold dome of the Invalides. The church of St. Louis was draped with black and silver, and tastefully decorated with military emblems At the conclusion of the religious ceremony, Gen. Saussier, governor of Paris, spoke over the remains, and his speech seemed to contain an answer to the German emperor's recent allusion to the "Corsican conquerer or Parvenu," an allusion which had the effect of rousing many French susceptibilities. "Lasalle's remains," said the governor at the close of his panegyric, "will henceforth lie near those of Napoleon—of him who was the world's master in the art of battles."—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

OBITUARY.

MRS BRIDGET K. MORAN.

With sincere regret I announce the demise of Mrs. Bridget K. Moran, of 728 West Congress street, which sad event occurred suddenly on Tuesday. Mrs. Moran was born in the parish of Mohill, county Leitrim, Ireland, in the year 1835, and was consequently sixty-six years of age at the time of her death. She was one of Chicago's old residents, having left her native soil over forty two years ago, and accompanied by her husband settled in Chicago, where she had resided ever since. Mrs. Moran was a devout and zealous Catholic, and an earnest advocate of the Married Ladies' Sodality of St. Patrick's parish, where she was a member for over twenty two years, subsequedtly moving to St. Jarlath's parish. She was a dutiful wife, a wise and loving mother, an interesting conversationalist, and of a deep, researchful mind She was admired by all who came into her company, who now mourn her sudden death. Although the summons was brief she was well fortified by the rites of our holy religion, as she was a monthly communicant of St. Jarlath's parish. The funeral took place from St. Jarlath's church on Thursday, where a solemn requiem high mass was offered for the repose of her soul, Rev. Father O'Connor acting as celebrant, Father Cox, deacon, and Father Cashman as subdeacon. At the conclusion of the mass Father O'Connor paid a glowing tribute to the life and virtues and christian charity of the venerable lady, and exhorted his hearers to be always prepared for the dreaded summons. After the services the elegant oak casket, covered with appropriate floral designs, was conveyed to the hearse, and accompanied by a concourse of over fifty carriages, was escorted to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, and then by cars to Calvary cemetery, where the final interment took place. Mrs. Moran leaves a bereaved husband, four loving sons, two daughters, and a fond brother to mourn her loss. Previous to her death she requested that her four sons, grandson and nephew to act as her pall bearers. They were as follows: Wm. Gregory, Frank and Richard Moran, Thomas Carey, and Wm Moran.

M. CURRIE.

UNKNOWN TO THE MASSES.

With New Process and Machinery Dr. O. Baxter Howe Has Cured Many People.

When a physician claims to have cured a disease which is generally believed to be incurable the public is inclined to doubt the creditability of his claim, yet the fact remains that at the present time Dr. O. Baxter Howe and his staff of expert specialists are affecting cures in difficult diseases by a new process and machinery. It is new in the sense that the public have not become familiar with the fact that Dr. Howe has been practicing this method and using this marvelous machinery, by which he has accomplished results unexampled in the practice of medicine, inasmuch as he has effectually cured several well defined cases of paralysis within the last year, some of whom were totally helpless and had been carried about for years.

Being brought to his office daily they were in the course of a few weeks able to walk in and out, and their improvement seems to be permanent. Is this not a greater discovery than Prof Koch's lymph, or Dr. Keeley's chloride of gold cure?

This treatment has been carried on with a remarkable degree of success right in the heart of this great city, and yet the masses have not been acquainted with the facts. This new process and machinery is remarkable also for its apparent simplicity as well as its potency in relieving pain and restoring strength, health and vigor to the weak, nervous and despondent. Many severe cases of rheumatism have been cured by this method. Asthma, an affection which has generally been believed to be incurable, has by the new process been speedily relieved, and in one severe case of seventeen years' standing the cure has remained permanent for over two years, and many others of less gravity have been cured, and the cure seems to be complete and lasting. Many cases of supposed consumption have yielded to the new method of applying remedies by machinery directly into the lungs. By its use the hearing and sight have also been restored in many instances.

Many leading physicians are becoming much interested in the new process, the practicability of which is being thoroughly investigated and freely indorsed already by scores of leading physicians and investigators throughout the country. The process and the machinery are covered by four letters patent. The machines are manufactured by Robert Owens, of No 226 Washington street, and may be procured by physicians. Since Dr. Howe does not want to make the new method a monopoly, as he is already overrun with patients, he proposes to instruct physicians in the philosophy of the process and use of the machinery. He also gives free treatments to worthy invalids and instructions to physicians desirous of learning the new method, daily between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p. m, at No. 96 State street, where he has a large and elaborate office, covering nearly 2,000 square feet.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists hat more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Money Maker.

It is so hard to get employment now and so hard to make money, that I know others would like to know how they can make a little money, as I have done. Tell your subscribers they can get all the jewelry, table-ware, knives, forks and spoons they can plate, and make $25 a week. The plating outfit costs $5. I bought mine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It plates gold, silver and nickel. I did $4 70 worth of plating the first day. The work is done so nicely that everybody seeing it wants work done. This machine is the greatest money maker I ever saw. Why should any one be out of employment or out of money, when they can, by using my experience, always have money in the house and have a little to spend too? Any one can get circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

K. JARRETT.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-by" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away,
And turn with a sigh that is half relief
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When her children one by one
Will go from home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby is left to cheer
The desolate home for that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were misplaced;
If the hours were alway as still as this
How could she bear the loneliness?

A SUNDAY IN IRISH COUNTRY.

Have you ever spent a Sunday in the country? And I don't mean the country where spic and span villas, and ornamental cottages, and fairy chateaux, and trim lawns, and well kept hedgerows, and wide, level roads proclaim that we are within easy distance of a town or city; but in some spot where the screech from the railway engine is not heard, where a sixpenny telegram is looked upon with misgiving as heralding misfortune, and the telephone is a thing unknown; where last year's, aye and the previous year's, fashions are still very new; where dress improvers have not gone out, simply because they never came in; where a weekly newspaper is treated most respectfully, and handed around from the parish politician to many of inferior political calibre; where many an Irish word and phrase is still spoken, and where old customs and manners are yet venerated; where the fairies are not a myth, and the banshee keens upon the decease of any of the "old stock;" where the priest is still the "sogarth aroon," and the people bow to his kindly authority.

Have you ever spent a Sunday in such a place? If not, then come with me this bright autumn morning, and have a peep at a farmhouse where the shadow of Charles Kickham's beloved Galtees falls, or at one on the southern slope of the Mourne mountains, or in the heart of green Tir owen, if you will. We must be afoot very soon after the first sunbeams have fallen on the fields of yellow corn, and while the cobwebs are still glittering with dewdrops on the hedges where the bramble is ruddy and the blackberries are ripe. How still and silent everything is. The birds are tired after their spring and early summer concerts maybe, and the swallows on the housetops are brooding over their flitting. There are lines of rowan trees with their bright crimson clusters of berries along the boreens, and the meadow sweet grows tall and rank by the meadow pathways, where the kine are browsing in the rich aftermath. Come along one of the former. The haws are hanging ripe and red from the thorns, recalling the old saying of "a haw year, a braw year," that I think must have come to my Ulster from across the North Channel. The foxgloves are growing high on the ditches, and the wild white convolvulus is running riotously along, and the scent of honeysuckle is in the air. Far away you have a glimpse of mountain and moorland, say with pink, and puce, and purple heath. For all, it is not a pleasant footway. The deep ruts show that heavily laden carts have passed over it but lately, and the ricks of hay in the haggard tell with what. The farm house before us is a long, white building, the thatch mellowed by summer's sun and winter's frost. A rose bush clambers up to the doorway, and wall flowers and southern wood grow underneath the small, bright windows. A couple of wooden pails, with "a hoop" to bear them company, stand on one side of the door—a heavy burden, you'll allow, to carry when filled with water from the bubbling spring at the foot of the boreen; a huge stone trough is opposite. One has a glimpse of a garden in the rear of the farm buildings, where peas and beans are bordered by sweetwilliam and double dahlias, and other dear old world flowers, and where the gnarled apple trees are laden with jucy fruit—a place that is "the murmurous haunt of *boys* in summer eves." The hens and ducks are making a noisy chorus, and a turkey-cock struts proudly about. Inside the house all is so quiet that we might suppose the inmates all abed but for the thin line of blue smoke curling upwards from the low chimney, and suddenly the door opens and the mother appears stepping noiselessly. The "man of the house" takes an extra nap on the Sunday morning, and his wife is cautious not to disturb him or the children. She sees to the wants of the poultry and pigs, and brings in the cows for milking ere any of the family are aroused. From a line across the kitchen are suspended various articles of wearing apparel, at which her weary fingers had stitched and patched till a late hour on the preceeding night, and Pat's Sunday shirt is as white as bone, and as stiff as starch can make it. Breakfast—and the Sunday morning breakfast is a feast, indeed, since there are, perchance, a rasher and eggs, and tea, and a loaf of baker's bread in addition to the soda scones and oaten cake—is partaken of in a sort of lazy undress, and immediately Pat begins his toilet, making many demands on his wife's patience, since he can't get on his collar or find his tie without her help. At length the house is tidied up, and the process of dressing the younger children is complete, and Pat takes his departure before the others, so that he may enjoy a gossip on the way; and his wife, hurried as she is, takes time for a weatherwise glance at the skies ere she dons the white shawl which she wore on her wedding day, and then one last look is taken around and the door is closed—no necessity for locking it seems to exist—and the boys and girls hurry on to join some of their companions, and their mother meets a neighbor, and so many things have to be discussed that they linger till the last bell warns them to hurry on, and the priest is reading the prayer before mass as they enter the chapel.

The female part of the congregation is arrayed in many colors—in the brightest o' blues and greens, without any regard for harmony or contrast—sufficient to make an aesthetic soul writhe; but the people possess a degree of fervor which many a more fashionable congregation lack. Is the remark that the humble class are much more devotional than their wealthier brethren an original one? Any way it is a true one. Old women and men tell their beads in an audible tone, and when the priest asks their prayers for the dead and dying, a murmur fills the air.

Now, my friend, let us take up our stand under the elms and see the crowd disperse. Friends and neighbors exchange greetings in the churchyard, and by many graves relatives say a Pater and Ave for the persons that lie therein; but we must move on with Pat as he discourses of the price of flax and pigs, and wonders when the general election will come off, and tells of his cousin's wedding in rapid succession. Yes the walk homeward is very pleasant, but rather long for city bred limbs; but Pat's wife is not the least tired, but is busily engaged in kindling the fire to boil the mealy champions and white cabbages and bit of bacon that constitute dinner. It is ready for eating as the children come bounding in from the catechism class, rather noisy but very hungry.

And once dinner is over, off we go with Pat and his wife to make the round of the farm, and maybe some neighbors join them, and they wander on till they reach the country road, and rest for a bit by the big beech, till some of the children come crying that "Aunt Nancy is here," and the mother hurries homeward to prepare the tea, followed more leisurely by Pat, who brings "a decent boy" that owns a bit of land and a tidy cabin close by to share the evening meal and note Miss Nancy's charms, for Pat is an inveterate match maker.

But the stars are beginning to peep out of the blue, and there is only a crimson streak to tell where the sun set; so we may not wander across the fields with Nancy as she wends her way homeward, accompanied by her sister; nor yet can we listen to the encomiums passed on his sister-in law by Pat, nor note "the decent boy's" acquiescence. The white mists of evening are rising from the boglands and meadows, lights twinkle here and there in the gathering darkness, and you and I, my friend, must leave the fields and trees, and slopes of yellow corn, and speed back again to the city.—*Magdalen Rock in the Irish Monthly.*

HYMENEAL.

O'CONNOR GRIFFIN.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin, of this city, and Mr. James O'Connor, was solemnized at the cathedral of the Holy Name on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst. After the ceremony a wedding reception was held in Avon Hall, where a bountiful supper was provided. The bride, a tall, graceful brunette, was attended by Miss Farnestell as bridesmaid, Mr. Thos. Daugnerty acting as best man to Mr. O'Connor. Dancing was kept up till an early hour by the 300 guests who graced the festivities. The presents were numerous and costly. The following gentlemen and their wives were present: Messrs. John Griffin, Sr. and Jr., Wm. Griffin, Henry O'Hara, Anthony Donegan, Chas. Griffin, Wm. Lyman, Patrick Hannigan, S J. Forhan, Henry Ganey, Michael McGuren, Thos. Loftus, Wm. Kelly, James Queen and John T. O'Malley. Among the other guests were: Messrs. Senator John F. O'Mally, Edward Jordan, Wm. McGuren, Thos. Doyle, Francis Sweeney, and Misses Sara Hannigan Mary Doyle, Catherine Loftus, Bessie Walton, Jennie Hannigan, Sadie McNamara and Kittie Doyle.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer to revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
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WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES,

For Sale to Subscribers and Regular Readers of "The Citizen."

For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price. Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail, prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the regular retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $30.00.

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THE OLD STAGE DOOR.

'Tis up a little alleyway,
Where dust and darkness reign,
With all the kindred mysteries
That follow in their train.
The tragic and the comic blend,
Just as they did of yore;
Look out, or else you'll tumble
At the old stage door.

The paint that once bedecked it
Has vanished long ago,
Like that on many a footlight queen
Whose smile we used to know.
Whose voice has long been silent,
Whose face is seen no more,
When play and song are ended
At the old stage door.

The chosen few who enter now
Are faces new and strange;
For those we knew have passed away
With Time's relentless change.
Ah, well, we'll veil with laughter
The tears that vex us sore,
As we turn away heart heavy
From the old stage door.
—Robert Gilbert Welsh in New York Sun.

THE DUMB WITNESS.

The histories of California chronicle briefly, in the sections devoted to Los Angeles county, the murder in 1841 of one Nicholas Finch, a German. But naught say these chronicles concerning certain curious details connected with that crime, known to those versed in the unwritten history of southern California, and these matters are set forth as follows:

Fronting the old parish church of Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles still stands today a long, old fashioned building of two stories, with dormer windowed roof, once the residence of his reverence the bishop of this diocese. This edifice is now the focus—the theater, I believe—of the Chinese quarter, and the cross that topped it, so long familiar to the eyes of Angelonos, has been supplanted by the great swinging lanterns of lacquered wood and brilliant hued paper.

Ere this house came to be used as the episcopal abode, Nicholas Finck kept within it a little shop, where he sold liquors, groceries and other miscellaneous wares. From time to time he replenished his stock from the vessels which touched at San Pedro, and when he went down to that port to make his purchases, he was wont to leave his door key with his friends, Charles Baric and his wife Sophie, French people living across the plaza, close by the church, about where is now the site of a modest photograph gallery.

One day Mme. Baric discovered that her compadre's door was not opened, and she marveled somewhat thereat, knowing, first, that no trading vessel was anchored at San Pedro, and, moreover, that Finck always, as has been said, brought his key to her when going afield. And her wonder became alarm when three days passed, and the door remained closed, and there was no sign of her friend and neighbor. So the little Frenchwoman crossed the plaza, her husband having been for some days absent from the pueblo, and she knocked at the door of Nicholas Finck, and, getting no answer, she put first her eye, then her ear and then her nose to the keyhole. The eye saw utter darkness, the ear heard no sound from within, but to her nostrils came an odor at once foul and forbidding that made her limbs to quake, her hair to creep, her gorge to rise and her blood to curdle. And she hastened away with fear and trembling and told her misgivings to Manuel Requena, who, in those days, was the alcalde.

Then Don Manuel, seeing that the case, indeed, wore an ominous aspect, called on Don Ygnacio Coronel, who held an office corresponding to our present clerkship of the courts, and they went to the house of Finck, with three stout alguaciles (constables or bailiffs), who broke open the door, after the alcalde had thrice summoned and received no answer. When the nauseous stench that came forth had been in some measure weakened by the inrush of fresh air, they stepped within and at once saw, inside the narrow room, the body of the German, lying near the counter, stretched in a pool of blood, stiffened and decomposing. His head was beaten to pieces, and the barrel of a gun, that had been hammered somewhat toward the form of a bludgeon, showed the means of his murder.

The officers proceeded to examine the premises, whose condition told, not too obscurely, the story of the crime. Some small wares on the counter and a magnifying glass clutched in the fingers of the dead man indicated that he had been engaged in a dealing of business when he was stricken down. That the assassins had rifled the little shop was manifest by the state of the effects, some scattered, some evidently missing; that they had escaped by the rear was doubly proved by the barring inside of the street door and by the leading to the inner rooms of bloody footprints whose number and variety of shape showed that four or five assailants had been present. The living rooms, behind the shop, had been plundered, but the outer door, leading into the usual corridor and thence to a low walled corral, had been shut, and even locked, from the outside. The searchers opened this door and stepped into the yard.

"They have killed his dog also!" cried Don Ygnacio Coronel, at sight of a great mastiff stretched on his side upon the earthen floor of the corridor. But even as he spoke the creature stirred, slightly lifted his head, glanced toward them, and feebly wagged his tail. When they went to him they found that he was tethered by a fast chain, and was gaunt, weak and almost famished, having been without food or water since the day before his master was murdered.

"We must succor this poor creature, not only from humanity, but also as a precaution," said Don Ygnacio; "he might possibly prove to be a valuable witness."

The alcalde looked sharply at the other, as if to see if he were jesting, and the alguaciles grinned broadly. But Don Ygnacio's face was serious even to solemnity, as befitted the occasion, and one of the men was promptly dispatched for food and water, which was administered to the dog.

The discovery of this murder was followed by wild excitement in the pueblo. The resident foreigners—that is, not Spanish-Americans—as usual, acted as if the crime were a result of race antagonism, rather than personal motive, and they called loudly for vengeance, and were not far from creating an incendiary uprising. Guards were posted to watch over the public safety, an ordinance was issued requiring citizens to be within doors by 10 o'clock at night and a volunteer guard was placed over the jail, besides which a small detachment of soldiers were sent thither from Santa Barbara.

And now was set in motion all the complicated machinery of the old Spanish law, not altogether unlike the processes of the French criminal courts, and various vagabonds and suspicious characters were taken into custody. These prisoners were kept under guard of several soldiers, and they were conducted to the alcalde for examination by a corporal. The dog of the murdered man had been given such good care that his strength was fully restored, and he had been brought to the scene of examination and tied within the room.

It was the observant and reflective clerk of the court who first noted that the animal was growling, sullenly and resentfully, as one of the prisoners stood before the alcalde, whose attention he called to the fact by writing a few lines, in which he suggested that the prisoner be returned to confinement until the matter should be discussed. Accordingly, Don Manuel Roquena sent away the wretch cringing there, and the guard was directed to bring in another prisoner after a few minutes. Again the dog displayed marked anger and hostility, as he did at each new installment of suspects.

"Let us try an experiment," said Don Ygnacio. "Will you arrange, Don Manuel, to have another guard bring in, one by one in turn, the men who have just been before us?"

This was done, but the intelligent animal, a few moments since so savage, now only looked inquiringly at each arrival, but made no demonstration of enmity. Then a pretext was found to call back the corporal who first had brought in the prisoners. He was one Santiago Linares, a slender, dark fellow, with a youthful, almost boyish countenance and ingratiating manner. He was maneuvered near the dog, and no sooner had he come within reach than the mastiff, bristling and snarling fiercely, sprang upon him and would have throttled him had not those present torn Linares out of his fangs. Trembling and ashen was the fellow, yet full of self possession, and feigning wonder and indignation when taxed with complicity in the murder. He had not even been in the pueblo, he declared, on the night of the crime; it was his day off from service, and he had been at the mission with his mistress, one Eugenia Valencia. Nevertheless, he was at once sent to jail, and that incomunicado; that is to say, solitary confinement, where no one could see or communicate with him. And "Send for la Eugenia," instructed the alcalde.

This Valencia woman came of a very criminal stock, and she and her family were at the bottom of a vast percentage of the disorder that befell in those days in Los Angeles. The brothers were scamps and practically bandits, fitting sons of depraved parents. Another sister lived for many years in illicit bonds with William W——, one of the wealthiest of the foreign residents, whom it were hardly kind to indicate more clearly, since his descendants still live among us. After she had borne this man three children his jealousy of her flagrant infidelities led to a scandalous shooting affray, notwithstanding which he would still have married her, but that the authorities banished her from the pueblo as a measure of public safety, and she died some years later at Mazatlan, where W——, because of his vested interests here, could not follow her. He sent, however, for her children, and educated them with his legitimate children, he having married meanwhile one of the Lugos from Santa Barbara. Of such a strain—resolute, bold, unscrupulous—was the woman whom Manuel Requena, the alcalde, sent to fetch from San Gabriel.

His messengers took her all unaware. She had not even heard that the murder was discovered, and so when they had secured her, the officers searched her dwelling and found bundled away therein a large quantity of the effects and clothing plundered from the murdered German. The officer who arrested her did not fail to impress upon her the significance of this find and its tendency to criminate her. Thus when she arrived at the courtroom she was quaking, full of terror and an abject conviction that her own liberty and her own life were in peril. Under the stress of this fear, and almost without waiting to be questioned, she hastened, when brought before the alcalde, to declare that she had been in the company of the men who had killed the German and that she had been a witness to his slaying. She was of course put into confinement incomunicado.

Santiago Linares was now told that one of his accomplices had confessed, and had named him as the chief offender. Upon this, spurred not more by fear than by anger and vindictiveness, he made a declaration implicating Asencio Valencia, a brother of Eugenia, and another bad character of the pueblo, one Jose Duarte, whom he had, he said, accompanied upon that fatal evening, not being aware of the purpose of their enterprise.

The two men he named were promptly arrested, and they, when they learned of their accusal, began a perfect siege of cowardly but ferocious protestations and disclaimers, each alleging his own innocence while inculpating the others. The discrepancies between their statements were carefully noted, and the discordant witnesses were brought together in accordance with that feature of the Spanish law known as "confrontation." These comparisons of statements resulted in the elimination of much subtrusive falsehood and the establishment of many facts upon which they were all agreed.

Thus it was proved that the gun barrel found beside the murdered man was owned by Asencio Valencia, who had adapted it to the uses of a crowbar. On the night in question, the four—Eugenia Valencia, Asencio Valencia, Linares and the third man—had gone to the house and knocked at the door of Finck. The German was naturally of a cautious and suspicious mind, and, there being at the time much lawlessness and crime in the pueblo, he refused to open the door, this, indeed, being a precaution he always exercised. The woman Valencia, however, urged him to admit her, saying that she had a valuable jewel which she had brought to pawn to him under the stress of great need.

Finally, after much urging, Finck set the door ajar, and Linares at once thrust his foot within the crack to prevent its closing again. Eugenia pressed through the opening, and the others pushed closely after her, and when within closed the door behind them promptly.

As yet no offensive demonstration was made, but when Finck, doubtless somewhat reassured by Eugenia's tendering of the jewel she declared she had brought with her, fetched a magnifying glass and bent over to examine the offered pledge—then the heavy gun barrel was brought down with a crash upon the head of Finck, who was felled by the blow and immediately beaten to death with the same weapon. Here was the point of variance. No two of the men agreed as to who did the actual slaying, and Eugenia professed ignorance in that particular. The concurrence of statement further showed that after the murder the assailants had looted Finck's shop, securing about ten dollars in cash, but few, if any, valuables, as the German's cautious habits precluded his keeping such at hand. Eugenia, full of vexation at their little profit, made up a bundle of the man's clothing and other effects and the four left the premises, first fastening the front door on the inside and going out by the rear.

Now, according to the Spanish law, their confessions of complicity were sufficient to convict all these people of murder. But, under the laws of Mexico, modifying the former, the local authorities of the California courts had no right or warrant to pass sentence of death, and it was necessary to send to Mexico the statement of the case, with all the details, before such sentence could be passed, even in the most flagrant crimes. In the present instance the public feeling of horror and the indignation was very strong; therefore, taking into consideration the atrocity of the crime and the lack of facilities for securing the prisoners during the long period which must elapse before the return of the decision from the tribunal of the Mexican capital, after much and deliberate discussion of the situation by the best men of the pueblo, the townspeople resolved upon summary administration of justice, and 300 armed men assembled, after the prisoners had been warned of their fate and given three days for preparation.

Padre Tomas Estenega came in from San Gabriel to attend them, and after his ministrations the three men were taken forth and led to the corridor of the house where their crime was done, and there they were, in the language of the Mexicans, "passed under arms"—that is to say, executed by shooting. This expiation took place between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning of April 6, 1841.

Then the woman was declared under sentence of banishment from the country. Before she could be sent away, however, Governor Alvardy commuted the sentence, and thus she was allowed to remain, pursuing her infamous calling and propagating social ulcers, which should corrupt and canker for many a year in Los Angeles—the most criminal of the four—for it was clearly shown that if she did not actually strike the blow, the woman had instigated and planned the murder.

But the faithful dog of Nicholas Finck had surely borne well his share in avenging the foul and brutal murder of his unfortunate master.—Y. H. Addis in Omaha World-Herald.

The Manufacture of Mirrors.

Early in the Sixteenth century a manufactory of glass mirrors was first established on a commercial scale in Venice and the republic enjoyed a monopoly of this profitable business for 150 years. The makers of looking glasses formed an important corporation among themselves and were allowed unusual privileges. This process was to blow cylinders of glass, which were afterward flattened upon a stone, carefully polished and silvered on the back with an amalgam. In this way quite large ones were produced, sometimes measuring as much as four feet in length.

The secret was carefully guarded and the laws were enforced which declared that any workmen at the trade who carried his art to a foreign state must return upon requisition on penalty of imprisonment for his nearest relatives. If, notwithstanding this penalty, he refused to return, emissaries were sent to kill him. Nevertheless, in 1665 Colbert, at that time prime minister of France, imported from Venice twenty makers of looking glasses, who set up their business in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Before long the French mirrors excelled the Venetian, and a fresh impulse was given to the art in 1691 by the discovery of a process for making plate glass. From that time to this the looking glasses made in France have been the best in the world.—Washington Star.

When a Lion Is Docile.

Naturally animals resent any attempt to cure them, and it requires an amount of coaxing to get them to take medicine that would exhaust the patience of most people. A sick lion will lie in its cage most of the time, or sit up on its haunches, with its head drooping a little and all of the fire gone out of its eyes. It will allow its keeper to enter and pat its head, but it will not touch the carefully prepared medicine unless it is concealed in some delicious morsels of fresh meat.—New York Epoch.

THIEVING ON TRAINS.

PEOPLE WHO CROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE FOR PROFIT.

One Man Who Is Well Known and Is Constantly Watched—His Specialty Is Umbrellas—Record of One Day's Carelessness—Odd Things Left Behind.

A well dressed woman got into a bridge car carrying a gold headed umbrella. A moment later a fairly well attired man came in, walking carelessly, and sat down beside her. Had a careful observer noticed him when he entered he would have seen him throw a quick glance at the umbrella before sitting down.

The train rumbled across. The lady gazed at the bay, and watching the swiftly moving craft fell into a dreamy state of observation. When the guard called, "Brooklyn; all out!" the lady got up, with the far away look still in her eyes, and walked out, leaving the umbrella. The man beside her had ridden across with his eyes closed, as if fatigued.

When she had got out his hand fell quickly on the umbrella, and he was making off with it when the guard collared him. The fellow looked surprised at finding the umbrella in his hand, muttered something about "picking it up unconsciously," shook off the guard's hand and plunged into the crowd.

"That is the fifth time in a month I have caught that fellow taking lost articles," said the trainman to a reporter. "The bridge trains are a paradise for such as he. There is a more miscellaneous collection of lost articles gathered on these trains than in any other place in America, I'll warrant."

HOW LOST ARTICLES ARE KEPT.

The number of missing articles became so numerous, and so many claims were made by pretended owners, that several years ago a system of checks was put into use. Now anything found in the cars by porters is taken by them to the train dispatcher's office, where he makes a report of the article, giving the train on which it was found and other details. This is entered in a book of blanks having stubs. The trainman then gets a receipt for what he has turned in. When the caller comes for what he has lost he must thoroughly identify the article before he can get it. The stub of the trainman's receipt keeps thus a perpetual record of everything found.

These stub books are filed away and are never destroyed. A glance through them reveals a bewildering variety of lost goods. The stubs of 1889 are especially prolific in curious cases. Here are some of the things recorded: Pumice stone, diagram, two boxes of cigars, a pocketbook containing fifty-two dollars, a white apron, spool of cotton, pair of rubbers, a picture, a waistcoat, a bracelet, some surcingles, several remnants, piece of sheet iron, three sauce dishes and a horsewhip.

On one Saturday the record for variety was eclipsed. That day the guards gathered up these things:

Three pairs of stockings, a lady's veil, a roll of sheet music, a teaspoon, a bottle of wine, gentleman's kid gloves, eyeglasses, porter's badge, a lunch, a gossamer, a cranberry mold.

ONE MONTH'S RECORD.

In one stretch from Sept. 12 to Nov. 22, 200 articles were reported. That was the rainy season, and forgotten umbrellas swelled the list. But taking the year around umbrellas have the questionable distinction of being the oftenest overlooked. Pocketbooks, however, singular to say, are not far behind. A count of fifty-six stubs selected at random gave this tally:

Umbrellas	26	Canes	2
Pocketbooks	17	Keys	3
Packages	7	Waiter's jacket	1

On an average three articles are found a day. This makes nearly a hundred a month. Some sneaks have long ago found this out, and travel across often each day and run chance of picking up something of value. Even if they fail the low car fare does not leave them much out of pocket. The guards have "spotted" a number of these characters and watch them closely. They cannot be driven away by fear of arrest, for they know very well that it is no easy thing to make a charge of stealing hold against them.

The trainmen have decided that the three classes most guilty of forgetting are strangers to the city, absorbed in everything but themselves; married women, and gentlemen who have been "out with the boys." Anybody who has studied human nature at all will understand why the trainmen have so decided.—New York World.

William the Conqueror Liked Oysters.

In Denmark and the northern parts of our island kitchen middens of the Stone age yield oyster shells, and Professor Forbes affected to pity "the enthusiastic oyster eater, who can hardly gaze upon the abundantly entombed remains of the apparently well fed and elegantly shaped oysters of our Eocene formation without chasing 'a pearly tear away.'"

We cannot believe that oysters ever went out of fashion with our ancestors. "Ostre" occurs in Anglo-Saxon and seems to be connected with "ost," a knot, a scale. William the Conqueror is said to have esteemed the English oyster very highly, and it figures in the menu of many mediæval feasts, especially in Lent.—London Saturday Review.

The Washerwoman's Revenge.

Mr. De Sharp (anxiously)—I inadvertently sent my cuff buttons to the wash last week. Did you find them?

Washerwoman—Sure, Oi saw a couple in th' tub, but I have no time to be fishin around fur brass cuff buttons, an Oi t'rew thim away.

Mr. De Sharp (in horrified accents)—Threw them away! Those buttons were pure gold.

Washerwoman—Moy! moy! That's too bad. Oi never thought a young man wot was always beatin down a poor washerwoman's prices cud afford to wear goold.—New York Weekly.

When the "Hunchback" Was First Given.

When Sheridan Knowles offered Mr. Charles Kemble the "Hunchback" for Covent Garden theater it was immediately accepted. Fannie Kemble, then in her twentieth year, has recorded her first impressions of the comedy. "After my riding lesson," she writes, "I went and sat in the library to hear Sheridan Knowles' play of the 'Hunchback.' He read it himself to us. A real play, with real characters, individuals, human beings. It is a good deal after the fashion of our old playwrights, and does not disgrace its models. I was delighted with it. It is full of life and originality; a little long, but that's a trifle. I like the woman's part exceedingly, but am afraid I shall find it very difficult to act."

She was cast for Julia, her representation of which Knowles subsequently acknowledged far outstripped his most sanguine hopes. The author enacted the part of Master Walter. The play was produced on April 5, 1832. The crowded house which assembled to witness its performance was unanimous in its appreciation, and during the latter scenes between Julia, Clifford and Master Walter, "the audience was overwhelmed with tears."

When the curtain fell, The Morning Chronicle states, "the applause was tumultuous, and a general call was made for Knowles. He was confused by the novelty of his situation, and exclaimed that, 'conscious of his own unworthiness, he presumed the audience was applauding their own kindness.'" The comedy ran to the close of the season, being only interrupted by a few benefit nights.—Chambers' Journal.

Personal Appearance of St. Paul.

The following fragment of early Christian literature is unquestionably of great antiquity, some of the foremost writers on Christianity having gone so far as to attribute it to St. Paul himself. The copy from which it was taken is in Greek, and is now reposing in the Bodleian library, Oxford, England:

When Paul was going up to Iconium, as he fled from Antioch, he was accompanied by Hermogenes and Demas, men full of great hypocrisy. But Paul, intent only on the goodness of God, suspected no evil of them, loving them exceedingly, making the Gospel of Christ pleasant unto them, and discoursing to them of the knowledge of Christ as it had been revealed to him.

But a certain man named Onesiphorous, and his wife Lectra, and their children, Simmia and Zeno, hearing that Paul was coming to Iconium, went forth to meet him, that they might receive him into their house, for Titus had informed them of the personal appearance of Paul, but as yet they had not known him in the flesh. Walking, therefore, in the king's highway, which leads toward Lystra, they waited, expecting to receive him. Not long after they saw Paul coming toward them. He was small of stature, bald, his legs distorted, his eyebrows knit together, his nose aqueline, but was in all a man manifestly full of the grace of God, his countenance being sometimes like that of a man and then again like that of an angel.—St. Louis Republic.

Elderly Men and Exercise.

While the elderly man has less capacity for some forms of exercise than the younger adult, he has no less need than the other of the general and local exercise. It is in the earliest period of mature age that the most characteristic manifestations of defects of nutrition—obesity, gout and diabetes, in which lack of exercise plays an important part—are produced; and the treatment of them demands imperiously a stirring up of the vital combustion. Placed between a conviction that exercise is necessary, and a fear of the dangers of exercise, the mature man ought therefore to proceed with the strictest method in the application of this powerful modifier of nutrition.

It is impossible, however, to trace methodically a single rule for all men of the same age, for all do not offer the same degree of preservation. We might, perhaps, find a general formula for the age at which the muscles and bones have retained all their power of resistance, and at which the heart and vessels begin to lose some of their capacity to perform their functions. The mature man can safely brave all exercises that bring on muscular fatigue, but he must approach with great care those which provoke shortness of breath.—Popular Science Monthly.

Humorous Toasts.

A publisher once gave the following: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said, "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman, she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave, "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth." At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a law critic: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar, there would be little use for the bench." A shoemaker gave, "May we have all the women to shoe, and all the men to boot."—London Tit-Bits.

German Easier Than French to Acquire.

German is on the whole easier than French; its character is in accordance with the genius of the English language, and, if it has retained inflection of the sentence, making it necessary to put the verb at the end of every subordinate clause, this peculiarity does not constitute any special obstacle in the way of progress.—Boston Herald.

A POOR SPECIMEN OF A JUDGE.

He Was Cross Eyed and Red Headed and the Yankee Was Astonished.

No man in the state had a keener appreciation of humor than the late Judge T. Lisle Dickie, who served many years as a circuit judge before being elevated to the supreme bench of the state. Although he had a rich fund of anecdotal lore concerning the prominent members of the Illinois bar, he never related a good story of any of his fellow lawyers with keener relish than the following incident of which he was the hero. It is necessary to a full appreciation of the story that the reader should be reminded that Judge Dickie was cross eyed to an intricate and marvelous degree, and also gifted with brilliantly red hair.

The story is as follows:

"I had been out shooting prairie chickens down below Ottawa, and was returning home on the public road along in the afternoon. It was hot and I had already tramped far enough to get thoroughly tired out, and, as it was several miles to town, I was anxious to catch a ride. The first team that came along was a lightning rod outfit.

"'Friend, can you take a passenger?' said I.

"He looked at me suspiciously. Perhaps I looked even more cross eyed than usual without my 'store clothes' on—at any rate he seemed, at first, of a mind to drive on without me. But he finally stopped his wagon and condescendingly remarked:

"'Yes; you can pile on back there, top of the rods and ladders.'

"I gratefullly accepted that privilege and we rode on in silence until we reached a wayside watering trough. The man dismounted, unhooked a pail from beneath the wagon, and proceeded to water his horses. Meantime the proprietor of the premises came out to fill his own pail. He knew me well and said:

"'How d' do, judge. What luck have you had shooting?'

"As the word 'judge' fell from his lips I noticed a look of astonishment on the face of the Yankee lightning rod man. The fellow was bolstering up the pail of water with his knee to a height from which his horse could drink without unchecking, and his astonishment was so great that he let his knee slip out from under the pail and splashed the front of his clothes.

"'Didn't that feller back there at the waterin trough call you judge?' inquired the Yankee, as soon as we had started on.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'What be you judge of, a hoss race?' he exclaimed, turning back to take a second contemptuous inventory of my personal charms.

"'No; judge of a court,' I replied.

"'What kind of a court?'

"'A circuit court,' was my answer.

"'Waal—down east, where I come from, it took a considerable of a fellar to be circuit judge! How big's your circuit?'

"'It reaches from the Wisconsin line as far south as Peoria,' I again replied.

"Lifting the hickory stick of his drover's whip he sent its long rawhide lash twirling in a succession of coils above his head, which culminated in a crack like the explosion of a pistol.

"'My goodness! I'll settle in this country myself if they make such a man as you judge!' exclaimed the disgusted Yankee. It was his final dictum. He did not offer to exchange another word with me. We parted in silence at the outskirts of the town."—Chicago Mail.

Oh, No, He Wasn't Afraid.

This particular boy has just come to Detroit to live, and he went to the high school for a preliminary examination, and he went along with just a note of introduction from his mother. You know a boy at fourteen is usually all arms and all legs and self sufficiency, and this one was no exception to the rule. He wasn't troubled with any doubts about his studies, but his mother was. She took the role of the figurative hen who flutters on the brink when her ducklings go in to swim.

Well, when the duckling came home he swaggered in and told his family in an offhand manner that it was all right, you know. Then his mother quizzed him as to details, and asked him if he didn't feel badly about going there alone, and when he said no to that she expressed her surprise, and then her Solon ended the discussion.

"I wasn't afraid, mother, because, you see, I knew that I knew what I knew, and when a feller knows that he knows what he knows, the whole board of education can't bluff him."—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Monotonous.

"Your life must be very monotonous," said Gus De Smith, looking in the window of the Austin postoffice at the clerk stamping letters.

"What makes you think so?"

"It would drive me crazy to be everlastingly pounding letters with a handstamp. It's the same thing over and over every day."

"Oh, no, it's not," replied the clerk. "Yesterday I was stamping 27 on the letters, today it's 28 and tomorrow I'll be stamping the 29th of the month, so you see it's not so monotonous after all."—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle's Sneer About Americans.

It is interesting, now that we are getting toward 63,000,000 in number, to recall Carlyle's sneer, and revise it up to date. "What have the Americans done," he growled, "but beget, with unexampled rapidity, 20,000,000 of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?" What, indeed, but increase the number forty odd millions more!—Boston Commonwealth.

Quieting Superstition.

When Edward III fell and made his nose bleed on the seashore at La Hague a cry of consternation was raised, which he quieted with the remark, "This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me;" at which answer, says Froissart, "his men were quite joyful."—All the Year Round.

AN ADVENTURE IN CAIRO.

Egyptian Ladies Viewing the Museum Put to Flight by an American.

One day when I was passing the hot hours in the shaded rooms of the museum, surrounded by seated granite figures with their hands on their knees (the coolest companions I know), I heard chattering and laughter. Presently there came into view ten or twelve Cairo ladies, followed by eunuchs and preceded by a guide. The eunuchs were hideous, though they represented all ages, from a tall, lank boy of seventeen to a withered old creature beyond sixty.

The ladies were taking their ease; the muffling black silk outer coats, which all Egyptian women of the upper class wear when they leave the house, had been thrown aside; the white face veils had been loosened so that they dropped below the chin. Their carriages were waiting below. The most modest of men—a missionary, for instance, or an entomologist—would, I suppose, have put them to flight; but as the tourist season was over, and as it was luncheon time for Europeans, no one appeared but myself, and the ladies strayed hither and thither as they chose, occasionally stopping to hear a few words of the explanations which the guide (a woman also) was vainly trying to give before each important statue.

With one exception, these Cairo dames were, to say the least, extremely plump; their bare hands were deeply dimpled, their cheeks round. They all had the same very white complexion without rose tints; their features were fairly good, though rather thick; the eyes in each case were beautiful—large, dark, lustrous, with sweeping lashes. Their figures, under their loose garments, looked like feather pillows. They were awkward in bearing and gait, but this might have been owing to the fact that their small plump feet (in white open-work cotton stockings) were squeezed into very tight French slippers with abnormally high heels, upon which it must have been difficult to balance so many dimples.

The one exception to the rule of billowy beauty was a slender, even meagerly formed girl, who in America would pass perhaps for seventeen; probably she was three years younger. Her thin, dark, restless face, with its beautiful inquiring eyes, was several times close beside mine as we both inspected the golden bracelets and earrings, the necklaces and fan of Queen Ahhotpu, our sister of vanity of 3,500 years ago. I looked more at her than I did at the jewels, and she returned my gaze; we might have had a conversation. What would I not have given to be able to talk with her in her own tongue? After awhile they all assembled in what is called the winter garden, an up stairs apartment, where grass grows over the floor in formal little plots. Chairs were brought, and they seated themselves amid this aerial verdure to partake of sherbet, which the youngest eunuch handed about with a businesslike air.

While they were still here, much relaxed as regards attire and attitude, my attention was attracted by the rush through the outer room (where I myself was seated) of the four older eunuchs. They had been idling about; they had even gone down the stairs, leaving to the youngest of their number the task of serving the sherbet; but now they all appeared again, and the swiftness with which they crossed the outer room and dashed into the winter garden created a breeze. They called to their charges as they came, and there was a general smoothing down of draperies. The eunuchs, however, stood upon no ceremony; they themselves attired the ladies in the muffling cloaks, and refastened their veils securely, as a nurse dresses children, and with quite as much authority. I noticed that the handsomer faces showed no especial haste to disappear from view, but there was no real resistance; there was only a good deal of laughter.

I dare say that there was more laughter still (under the veils) when the cause of all this haste appeared, coming slowly up the stairs. It was a small man of sixty-five or seventy, one of my own countrymen, attired in a linen duster and a travel worn high hat. His silver head was bent over his guide book, and he wore blue spectacles. I don't think he saw anything but blue antiquities, safely made of stone.—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Not So Peaceful as We Seem.

We are supposed to be a peaceful nation, but we have had our fair share of strife, foreign and domestic. Since the Revolution there have been wars with England and with Mexico, with Tripoli and with Algiers; broils with Paraguay and Corea, and a gigantic civil war; rumors of wars with France, England, Spain and Italy. There have been the John Brown raid, the Barnburner and Fenian raids to Canada, many incursions across the Mexican border, and the filibustering expeditions to Cuba and Nicaragua.

We have had the Whisky and Shays rebellions; the election, draft, railroad, reconstruction and sundry serious city riots; we have had well on to 200 deadly Indian fights and many awful massacres. We have lost more men in active war since 1776 than any nation of Europe. This is a startling record for a peaceful people.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Forum.

Good Points of the Broncho.

The broncho is, generally speaking, a homely animal, but one soon gets attached to a fine specimen of the breed. They can do so much and act so intelligently that it is only natural to look upon them as pets and companions. The great ambition for a young Indian boy is to own a broncho, and then to train him to know his master and to obey his words and signs. No less ambitious to possess one of these ponies are the young sons of western pioneers, and many stories of wonderful attachment between the ponies and their young masters have been related. Although apt to kick, buck and be stubborn by nature, the little bronchos possess many fine qualities that redeem them from positive ugliness.—New York Epoch.

The Superior

remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the

MEDICINE

which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m, high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2958 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 22d place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2342 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Egan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 833 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 58 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 419 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 8:30, 8 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. R. Thiele, pastor. Residence 893 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 891 Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J E Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st. G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S, D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Boyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Bolland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 24th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 393 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garcean, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2341 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 6433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 736 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; B W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legenta's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st, Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vean, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 253 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P E Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec., M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.. James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doian, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 256 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 36 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2923 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Loch st. and Archer av.

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Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st., V.-P., John McGeoreghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4254 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

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Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec Sec James Dolan, Box 88 Pullman; Fin Sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Murray. Meet 2 d and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Downing 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Fraley; rec sec J C Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av, fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3809 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st, fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at K V meeting hall 3818 North Halsted st

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Dated Chicago, September 30, 1891.

MARY McHUGH, Administratrix.

P. McHugh, Attorney.

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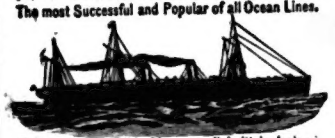

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